

FIFTY CENTS

NOVEMBER 15, 1971

TIME

The Battle Over Busing



Introducing the Toyota Celica ST. (Some economy car.)

A tachometer and radial tires aren't usual on an economy car. A dash, console and shift knob that look like wood aren't very common either. Nor are hood vents and rally stripes.

But they're all on the new Toyota Celica ST. And they're all standard.

Economy cars don't usually make the hall of fame for their

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The Celica has what it takes to stop, too. Front disc brakes.

Also standard.

Inside, the Celica comes with an electric rear window defogger, fully reclining bucket seats, vinyl upholstery, padded dash, wall-to-wall carpeting, an electric clock. Even an AM radio is standard.

Of course, there are a few

options. But very few. Air conditioning and stereo tape deck. That's it.

How can we call the Celica ST an economy car?

Great gas mileage.

A surprisingly small price.

And for the most obvious reason of all. It's a Toyota.

Some economy car.

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*Screen measured diagonally. © 1971 Sony Corp. of America, 47-47 Van Dam BL, L.I.C., N.Y. 11101. TV picture simulated.



A hibernating Sony.

It spends the winter nestled in the warm living room, plugged into an outlet, resting its 11 inches* on the coffee table.

When the warm weather comes, the time

for hibernation is over. So, with its optional battery pack, the Sony makes its annual return to the forest, the boat and the beach.

All summer, it stays outdoors, playing under

the warm sun.

But one day, cold weather will return. Then the Sony will go back to the living room and hibernate until, once again, it is spring.

Such is life.

SONY'S 11" indoor, outdoor portable





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Eins

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Zwei

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Drei

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Fünf

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LETTERS

Peking, Taipei and the U.N.

Sir: Now that the U.N. has voted on the China issue to the sorrow of all freedom-loving peoples, our nation should at once cut all its U.N. financial contributions by 75%. This would give the newcomers from Peking the opportunity to take over not only the contributions previously made by free China but also an amount commensurate with their own teeming population and the expectations of their duped friends.

EUGENE N. SELTZ
Hopkins, Minn.

Sir: President Nixon wants to be remembered as the great proponent of peace, but now that Nationalist China has been eliminated from the U.N., many will see him as being like Brutus and Hitler. Nixon, the greatest of all the backstabbers, has given Nationalist China the *coup de grâce*. He is going to learn just what Neville Chamberlain learned—that there will never be "peace in our time." President Nixon has lost face; he will lose even more face when he goes to China begging for peace in Viet Nam.

EDGAR HAHN JR.
Albany, Ore.

Sir: It was a memorable day. For the first time in history, all nations are under one roof.

HENRY DE VRIES
San Francisco

Sir: If Russia can have three seats in the U.N. General Assembly, why can't China, with four times Russia's population, have two seats? In any event, the U.S. must be content with one seat.

M. LEONARD BAUER
Asheville, N.C.

J.C. Superstar

Sir: Something more than God died in Broadway's Daliesque pastiche, *Jesus Christ Superstar* (Oct. 25). With the last days of Christ acted with flashy vulgarity onstage, and the last days of Sodom and Gomorrah lived with frightening reality at the opening-night party, JCS writes the R.I.P. on the tombstone of Western civilization. Like *Superstar*'s hero, civilization has given up the ghost without any assurance of a resurrection on the third day.

DOUGLAS SCHOENHERR
New Haven, Conn.

Sir: The theater having sunk into the depths of filth and obscenity both in sound and sight, is the church to do likewise? Is there no Christianity left, no morals, no standards, no faith? Now are we back to the heathens and barbarians again? We certainly have crucified Our Lord a second time.

DAME GLADYS COOPER, D.B.E.
Henley-on-Thames, England

Sir: It seems sad that *Jesus Christ Superstar* has become garbed in controversy. The question of whether Christ was God is nothing new. Rice and Webber's version emphasizes the humanity rather than the divinity. In fact, the very "putting aside" of the idea of God for a while enabled me, for the first time, to really see and understand Jesus as man. He had doubts and fears, but did make the ul-

timate sacrifice. Through this production I came to know him more as man, and this experience enabled me to love him more as God.

KATHLEEN V. SHARKEY
Houston

Sir: Now that Jesus has been discovered as a moneymaker, everybody will be getting on the bandwagon with all kinds of spiritual and religious plays. Praise the Lord and pass the remuneration.

MORRIS B. RUSACK
Philadelphia

Sir: *Jesus Christ Superstar* will go down in history as the second crucifixion of Christ in 2,000 years. Unfortunately, America will stand by and let it happen again.

ARPAD DE KOVACS
Durham, N.C.

Sir: To those of us who know Jesus is God because we experience him as God, the reaction to *Jesus Christ Superstar* can only be: thank God for such a beautiful way of letting us try to feel some of the things Jesus suffered for us.

MARY RING
Buffalo

Sir: A black Judas! I think I am beginning to learn now that it's really a hell to be black.

YUSUF YAKUB
Mombasa, Kenya

Sir: You would have it seem as if the Broadway production were done solely for the entertainment of fag New York.

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What it stands for is sound effect amplifier. What it does is nothing short of amazing.



It lets you tailor sound to your own taste. So if you're crazy about a certain singer but not so crazy about the band that's playing with him, you can bring up the voice and push the music into the background.

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THICK-TOCKS THEY'RE NOT.

In a revolt against the fat watch infatuation, Bulova has come up with a new line of thin timepieces. The Sabre Collection. They're not as thin as a dime (more like two nickels, one on top of the other, actually) yet inside every case is all of Bulova's watchmaking expertise.

And every skinny one of them is shock-resistant, antimagnetic, and has an unbreakable mainspring. So they'll keep running through tick and thin.



The Bulova Thin Sabre Collection



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Except for a civilized day of rest in Zurich to adjust to the time difference, you won't encounter a familiar European, Western or Far Eastern civilization for a full 42 days.

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Explore "Down Under" and cruise the waters and visit the islands of Captain Cook, along the Great Barrier Reef.

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Return briefly to a kind of life close to your own in South America's Valparaiso, Vina del Mar and Santiago, where you'll even see a floor show. (Ah, civilization.)

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drinks the flavor they've been
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ers and the conceit and pocketbook of Tom O'Horgan. Whether they intended to do so, Rice and Webber have composed a work that speaks to modern Christians. Despite the silver shorts and \$20,000 robe.

MRS. JIM RUSSELL
Cedartown, Ga.

From Corn Flakes to Pressed Beef

Sir: Despite all the current hullabaloo over J. Edgar Hoover [Oct. 25], it is evident that the bureau goes right along with its job, impressively directed. There's a growing cance of distrust in society, from corn flakes to cars. Pentagon papers to pressed beef, police to press, all are being subject to self-styled revelators. Much of this merely gives aid and comfort to the enemy—crime.

Let Mr. Hoover alone, for it is the FBI alone that in many respects stands between us and trouble.

LESLIE MARSHALL
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sir: If Germany, Russia or Cuba had an FBI directed by J. Edgar Hoover, the chances are that such names as Hitler, Stalin and Castro would never have made headlines, and that this world would be a better place to live in.

JUAN J. GALLEGO
Coral Gables, Fla.

Sir: How demoralizing it must be to work as an FBI agent, fighting for freedom under a dictator—Hoover.

LESLIE HAMLEN HUBBARD
Winston-Salem, N.C.

No Irish Mist

Sir: As I write this letter in Belfast, bombs are exploding in different parts of the city, and ordinary people are suffering. I have not had an easy day, visiting homes that are heartbroken with grief, and this afternoon seeing one of my church 17-year-olds, a leg amputee, the victim of I.R.A. gunshot wounds. It is against this background that I listened with shock at the statement of Senator Kennedy [Nov. 1].

I am not a follower of the Rev. Ian Paisley: I am one of the hundreds of clergy in this province striving for objectivity in a situation that is as explosive as it is strewn with adjectives to describe it.

It is easy for the Senator to pontificate and even rationalize for doing so, but this is not the dream of a dewy Irish mist on an American St. Patrick's Day that he is talking about.

There are many things in Northern Ireland politics and policies that must and will change, but the removal of the border tomorrow would unleash a force that would engage the United Nations for the next 20 years. It might surprise the Senator to know that in Northern Ireland the majority, the big two-thirds majority, are Irish, but proud to be British.

I would like to say that people of all churches here thank God for the presence of 15,000 of our soldiers, for we know only too well what the alternatives would be for both Catholic and Protestant.

(THE REV.) JOHN STEWART
Woodvale Methodist Church
Belfast

Ben-Gurion

Sir: Despite the fact that your report on David Ben-Gurion's 85th birthday [Oct. 18] presents him as wise, philosophical

There's more to a square foot than space.

Only life gives meaning to land.

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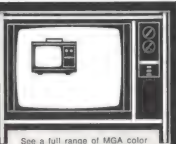


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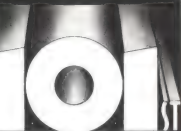
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ANNIVERSARY


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The Mitsubishi Group's rich background as a world leader in solid-state electronics gives us the opportunity to put together many of the parts that put together our TV sets. We make most of our own integrated circuits, UHF and VHF tuners, even color TV picture tubes. And, for added reliability, we make many of our other critical components.

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Take the fabric. A blend of Fortrel® polyester and cotton. It's subjected to 32 different Celanese® tests. Performance tests, construction tests and content requirement tests. If it passes it can wear the Celanese Fortrel label. But that doesn't mean it can wear The-Comfort-Shirt label. You see, the people at Sears are very big on testing, too. So after the fabric has been made into The-Comfort-Shirt, they test it all over again. They test the color fastness and the wrinkle resistance, among other things. Then, if it passes, its labeled The-Comfort-Shirt. And since the label says, "Sears, Roebuck and Co.", you can be sure it won't cost a lot even though it's gone through a lot.

The-Comfort-Shirt from Sears.
It goes through a lot before it gets to you.

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Sears

The Men's Store

Sears tames the dress shirt without breaking its spirit.



The-Comfort-Shirt from Sears.

Look at it. You can't see the comfort but it's there. The C-Band® collar is contoured to comfortably fit the contours of a man's neck.

It's cut lower in front to keep it from creeping up a man's neck.

And the Fortrel® polyester and cotton fabric is comfortable 365 days a year.

You see, Sears figures if anything about a dress shirt should be wild, it should be the way it looks, not the way it feels.

And that's the beauty of The-Comfort-Shirt.

You can look as wild or as domesticated as you want, depending on the patterns and striped and solid colors. But as long as you're wearing The-Comfort-Shirt, that's how you'll feel. Comfortable.

Incidentally, Sears makes it possible for you to feel comfortable in three collar styles. The long point collar shown here and on the other two pages is the one that comes with flexible collar stays.



SUPPLIER FOR THE U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM





Sears *The Men's Store*



The-Comfort-Shirt from Sears is a Perma-Prest® Shirt.

So what's been done can't be undone.

True, there's nothing new about no-iron dress shirts. But there is something different. What Sears does that's different is have the shirt fabric heat-treated and permanently pressed *after* it's been made into a shirt. That's not only different, it's the exact opposite of the methods used to process most other no-iron shirts. But the people at Sears figure it's the most logical way to "lock-in" the memory of the shirt as a shirt, not as a flat piece of material. The-Comfort-Shirt from Sears. In Fortrel® polyester and cotton—with tapered body, extra long shirrtails and color-matched buttons. Buy a few, along with go-together ties, at most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores, or through the Catalog.



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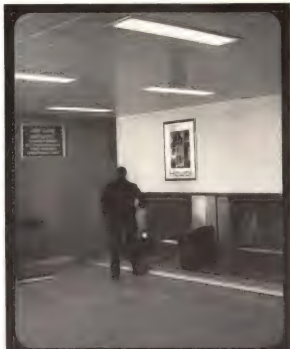
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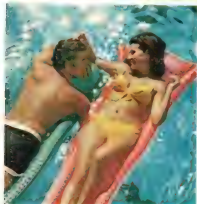
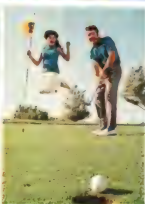
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What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives every day.

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Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

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and keen to establish peace with the surrounding Arab states, it would be a pity to forget that as one of the early Zionist leaders, he played an important role in the establishment of the state of Israel. This state was created at the expense of the human and national rights of the Palestinian non-Jews.

If a man who condemns a nation of people to the refugee camps is to be praised, whom do you condemn?

AZIZ YAFI
London

Without Split and Spray

Sir: I disagree with your story [Oct. 25] that says the Afro hair style requires long, painful grooming; that conditioners, special combs and sprays are needed; that the Afro causes the hair to break off and split. Before I started wearing an Afro, I lost more hair from straighteners than I have in two years of wearing an Afro (which I do myself).

Therefore, I do not intend to return to the white look.

CAROL HAYWOOD
Milwaukee

Shah's Show

Sir: The ostentatious pageantry at Persepolis [Oct. 25] appears quite ludicrous in a poverty-ridden nation like Iran. On this 2,500th anniversary of the "Persian Empire," let us not forget that it was the Oriental despots, Darius and Xerxes, who attempted to crush Europe and Western civilization; fortunately the Athenians stopped them at Marathon and Salamis. This year also commemorated the 2,301st anniversary of the defeat of Persia, in 330 B.C., by Alexander the Great, who toppled the Persian army of Darius with his Greek phalanx.

THOMAS SPELOS
Fort Lee, N.J.

Sir: I regret that you have missed the fundamental significance of the Iranian festivities and cheapened the occasion by calling it a "shindig" and a "bash." The occasion was not designed as a royal party only. The most important purpose was to increase the prestige of Iran in the international community and elevate national pride.

How can one set a monetary value on such a purpose? As an Iranian resident of Portland, I traveled 4,000 miles to my country to join the festivities and returned a prouder Persian.

P.A. PARVIZ
Lisbon

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Charles Tanqueray*

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Nov. 15, 1971 Vol. 98, No. 20

THE NATION

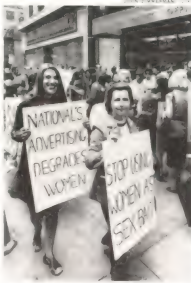
AMERICAN NOTES

Something to Hide

Like the Pentagon papers, the underground nuclear explosion at Amchitka Island raised a question about secrecy in Government. Even before Richard Nixon decided to proceed with the test, citizen opponents went to court, demanding that scientific papers relating to the decision be made public. The Administration refused, claiming that they were internal documents protected by the doctrine of executive privilege. Finally, a U.S. District Court judge ordered some of the papers released; they revealed, among other things, that the President's chief environmental adviser had warned against the test.

In another case, Ralph Nader has filed suit demanding that the President release White House documents concerning a Department of Transportation decision to delay the date when auto manufacturers must equip their cars with safety air bags. Again, the Administration has claimed executive privilege.

The doctrine of executive privilege has historically been a bitter issue. Many Presidents—including George Washington, Theodore Roosevelt and Dwight Eisenhower—have argued that a Chief Executive must accord his advisers the full freedom to offer their candid counsel without being forced to tell Congress or the nation's newspapers what it was. Yet the doctrine has



NATIONAL AIRLINES PICKETED IN NEW YORK

Was the leer intentional?

sometimes been invoked to conceal bumbling, or political pressures, to suppress valid arguments against the decisions a President finally makes, or to hide outright corruption within an Administration.

Obviously, there are many cases in which an Administration must proceed in secrecy. But the presumption should always be in favor of open government. Whenever a President invokes executive privilege, he should be prepared to defend against the inevitable suspicion that he has something to hide as well as his guard.

The Unconfident

Indeed, the suspicions seem to be increasing. The University of Michigan's Center for Political Studies reports an opinion sampling that shows a startling drop in the number of adult Americans who express a high degree of confidence in the Federal Government. In 1964 62% of those polled expressed high confidence. In 1970 the figure was 37%.

Dr. Warren Miller, director of the center, reported that while the national angst over Viet Nam is responsible for much of the decline, the loss of confidence is greatest not among discernible war hawks or doves, but among moderates. Of that middle group, only 26% now have great confidence in Washington, compared with 74% just six years ago.

"Fly Me"

Not long ago National Airlines began a \$9.5 million advertising campaign aimed at personalizing its service. Ads picturing a lovely smiling stewardess proclaimed: "I'm Margie [or Nancy, or Cheryl, or Barbara], Fly Me." National painted the girls' names on the noses of some of its planes—like World War II bombers—and passed out "Fly Me" buttons for the girls to wear on their uniforms.

Some National stewardesses decided that the idea amounted to a personal rather than a commercial proposition, and was a blatant sexist pitch. Three of them on a Halloween flight from New York to Miami displayed a cardboard cutout of a wrinkled witch in boots and military-type jacket with a Fly Me button. "If the ads would just say, 'Fly with me,'" complained Stewardess Ilene Held, "we'd be asking people to fly as part of our airline. It's the live stuff that gets to men, that makes them think 'let's fly with National and see what they have.'" Some stewardesses have refused to wear the buttons: Florida's Dade County Circuit Court has turned down a national women's organization request for a restraining order to ground the campaign. National pleads innocence. Says Public Relations Director Robert Mattell: "The stewardesses become an extension of the airline. We had no preconceived idea of injecting a suggestive leer into the campaign."

Mafia Monopoly

Games are often a society's ritual fantasies. Parker Brothers' Monopoly, for example, was introduced in 1935 as a Depression daydream of striking it rich with hotels on Boardwalk and Park Place. The coming election year has prompted several pick-the-President exercises (TIME, Nov. 8). It is difficult to predict what sociologists, or the Italian-American Civil Rights League, may make of a game called The Godfather —"for All the Families."

The game comes in a box shaped like a small violin case. On the playing board, the island of Manhattan is divided into neighborhoods—Harlem, Little Italy, the Lower East Side. "The object of the game," the instructions explain, "is to take control of a racket—bookmaking, extortion, loan sharking or hijacking—in as many of the neighborhoods on the board as possible." Players draw bad-break cards ("St. Valentine's Day card addressed to you, lose one strongarm and \$250") or good-break cards, such as "Friendly persuasion. You get two strongarms and \$150." The player with the highest score of rapine and venality becomes the Godfather. Unlike Monopoly, with its blind acquisitive luck still tied to stern if inexplicable morality ("Go directly to jail"), the players of The Godfather never get locked up.



COMPONENTS OF "GODFATHER" GAME
Winning with rapine and venality.



MANSFIELD & AIKEN IN SENATE DINING ROOM



KISSINGER, NIXON & LAIRD ON WAY TO WHITE HOUSE

Foreign Aid: Scrambling to the Rescue

THE dust had scarcely settled on the ruins of the Senate foreign aid bill when the Administration set out to rebuild the program out of the rubble. The White House started at once to try to reverse the stunning 41-to-27 defeat. National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger, in daily consultation with President Nixon, put together a high-level, high-pressure lobbying campaign that sent Cabinet members scrambling to the rescue of foreign aid. Secretary of State William Rogers pleaded with a hostile Senate Foreign Relations Committee to put the program back together. Defense Secretary Melvin Laird warned that the moment could not be worse for closing off the aid pipeline. From Bangkok, traveling Treasury Secretary John Connally chimed in: "If aid is ended, he said, 'all that we have done since World War II would go down the drain.'"

The unseasonably balmy Washington air was thick with pro-aid arguments. The basic premise: cutting off foreign aid now would undermine the U.S. position in the world at a critical period. As one White House aide put it: "Without foreign aid the President will have a more difficult time convincing the Russians and the Chinese when he's negotiating with them. If there is no foreign aid in the arsenal, you don't shoot as far." The simple assumption is that foreign aid makes friends for the U.S., and thus adds to the weight that Washington can wield vis-à-vis Moscow and Peking. If military aid to Cambodia and Viet Nam are cut back, the State Department suggests, it will delay American withdrawal from Viet Nam because the local military will not be strong enough to carry on alone. President Nixon has promised a new troop-

withdrawal announcement next week—based on the assumption that the U.S. will continue to supply the Vietnamese with military hardware. Indeed, the argument goes, the whole Nixon Doctrine would be undercut by ending aid: the President's reduction of the U.S. physical presence overseas is designed to be offset by continuing—even temporarily increased—U.S. military and economic assistance.

Not all of the discourse was quite so elevated. Lobbyists for the Agency for International Development, which runs the foreign aid program, moved about explaining pointedly to Senators and Representatives that some 86% of all AID funds are spent in the U.S.—for salaries, services, commodities and goods.

Win by Proxy. To salvage foreign aid, the Administration put its weight behind a resolution approved last week by the House Foreign Affairs Committee that would simply continue aid authorizations at last year's \$2.6 billion annual level. That will come before the House this week. The committee will also start work on a bill to replace the one that the Senate rejected.

The Senate too set out to salvage foreign aid. After nearly a week of wrangling, the Foreign Relations Committee came up with a plan that would temporarily keep things going at reduced levels—while insisting urgently on a fundamental reorganization of the program. "I think the initiative is in the Senate's hands," said Majority Leader Mike Mansfield of Montana. The compromise was worked out only narrowly, with Minority Leader Hugh Scott at one point exercising a proxy from the ailing Karl Mundt of South Dakota to win by an 8-to-7 vote in committee. Senator William Fulbright proposed a \$2 billion



CHURCH

Something more rational is needed.

package in three separate bills—one covering economic assistance, another for special humanitarian aid and a third carrying military-assistance authorization. The committee decided to combine the first two, and increased the dollar totals slightly to \$2.3 billion, divided almost equally between economic-humanitarian aid and military assistance.

One of the senatorial complaints is that foreign aid has become too restricted an instrument of U.S. foreign policy; in the past year, 93% of U.S. aid for economic maintenance, the category called "supporting assistance," went to only three countries—Viet Nam, Laos and Nigeria. Parts of the program are popular enough but, one Republican leader snapped, "if they think they can

get just aid to Israel and the starving children, they're crazy." The Senate was plainly trying to do just that. The separate bills may not both pass the Senate, since military aid is notably less popular there than aid for economic and humanitarian purposes. It has been the target of Senate doves, who have objected to military aid to Indochina to express their objections to the war. The two-bill approach would probably be fatal should it reach the House. There, the situation is reversed: military aid has had more backers than economic

aid; only if the two factions get together behind one omnibus bill is there a bare majority for aid of any kind.

Radical Revolution. The fierce attack on foreign aid has been building for a long time and not been taken seriously enough by the Administration. The attack unites liberals and conservatives, disillusioned humanitarians who complain about lack of gratitude, and disappointed cynics who complain that the aid bribe has not kept a great many nations in the U.S. camp. Another profound objection is that aid distorts and

damages the recipient nations. One example: over a period of 17 years \$481 million was poured into Laos, \$192 per capita; that was more than the economy could absorb, so the result was inflation, black marketeering—and political gains for the Pathet Lao.

All these and other complaints came together in a withering but inchoate speech on the Senate floor by Idaho's Frank Church, long a fervent aid supporter. Helping nations in Africa and Asia as a means of containing Communism is absurd, he contended; the peo-

How the Foreign Aid Bill Died

Washington has still not recovered from the defeat of the foreign aid bill in the Senate two weeks ago. In its unexpectedness and offhand manner, the event was unique in modern congressional annals. In this reconstruction, TIME Correspondent Neil MacNeil tells how it happened:

MAJORITY Leader Mike Mansfield called the Senate into session at 9 a.m. Friday, three hours earlier than usual, so that his colleagues would have plenty of time to get their perorations into the record before the hour agreed upon for voting—7 p.m. There was an air of anticlimax in the chamber: bitter skirmishing over amendments to the bill had ended two days before, with consistent victories for Administration lobbyists who twisted arms and scraped senatorial egos. Still, there seemed no doubt that the bill would pass. White House congressional liaison men had vanished from Capitol Hill. Their chief, Clark MacGregor, a former Minnesota Congressman, had flown to New England for a Dartmouth football game and a Vermont family reunion.

Throughout the rambling, desultory debate, there were clues that day that something might go wrong, though no one had more than an inkling until it was too late. Frank Church of Idaho, a liberal who had always supported foreign aid, renounced it in an emotional speech. Freshman Senator Lawton Chiles of Florida added his voice of dissent; others, too, joined in. The humiliating diplomatic rebuff suffered by the U.S. only a few days before, when Chiang Kai-shek's Chinese government-in-exile had been chucked out of the U.N. in spite of energetic American lobbying, still rankled. The last Senate speaker was Harry Byrd Jr. of Virginia. His final words: "Mr. President, I shall vote against this bill."

The outcome seemed so certain that nobody had bothered to take a hard tally of all the Senators. Minority Whip Robert Griffin of Michigan counted 20

Republicans who would be present and voting for the bill and he assumed that enough Democrats would go along to make passage certain. The Democrats did not even bother to tally their own. Senator John Sherman Cooper was flying to Kentucky to campaign for the Republican gubernatorial candidate. Carl Curtis of Nebraska was in his home state attending political meetings. Many other Senators had left Washington sure

abama voted no, as expected. The tally clerk droned on down the list. At one point, early on, there were six for passage, two against. A few names later the score was six to six—and then it began to slide. The name of Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island, an aristocratic internationalist, was called. Crisply, he announced: "No." Now the count stood at twelve for, 18 against.

Suddenly, on the floor and in the press gallery, there was a buzz of shock; the bill was in trouble. One by one other switchers answered no as the clerk read off their names: Bayh, Cranston, Magnuson, Saxbe, Smith, Spong. Rarely does either house of Congress vote down a major bill; the crucial tests come in committee or on amendments, before the final vote. One reporter whispered excitedly: "For Christ's sake! This thing's going to be defeated!" The bells jangled through the Senate side of the Capitol and in the two Senate office buildings. Senator Robert Dole, chairman of the Republican National Committee, came in quickly, voted no and left. Like many others, he did not realize that the bill was going down. As a conservative, he has consistently voted against foreign aid, but as a Nixon loyalist, he might have switched had he known that the measure was in danger. It was not until the next morning back home in Kansas that he learned the result.



that their absence would make no difference. As it happened, they were right for the wrong reason: the opposition turned out to be overwhelming. After the debate, Minority Leader Hugh Scott polled every Senator except Karl Mundt of South Dakota, who has been ill and inactive for several years. Scott's tally: 58 against, 41 for.

The vote began routinely, a few minutes before 7 p.m., and the public galleries were nearly empty. Few Senators were on the floor. Only a handful of reporters looked on. James Allen of Al-

At the end, there were scarcely a dozen Senators on the floor. It was 7:07 when Lee Metcalf of Montana, sitting in the presiding officer's chair, announced the outcome: Vice President Spiro Agnew had not even bothered to come. The clerk handed Metcalf a tally slip. With disbelief in his voice, he recited the result: "On this vote, the yeas are 27, and the nays are 41. The bill is not passed." Mike Mansfield, long a critic of the existing U.S. aid programs, was on his feet, surprised and delighted. His syntax slightly awry, he addressed the chair. "Mr. President," said Mansfield, "an event of unusual occurrence has just taken place in the Senate this evening."

ple are "too poor and illiterate to be interested in such sophistications as ideology or revolution." In other cases, "for many countries radical revolution is the only real hope for development and the single most helpful thing we can do is to leave them alone." In most cases, he continued, U.S. attempts to bring about "stability" through aid actually prevent development. Reason: the U.S. insists on a favorable climate for American business investment rather than allowing the countries to develop as they need to. Aid merely props up the existing social and political order.

Even supporters of the aid program have to admit that many of Church's criticisms are on target. But he dismissed too glibly the massive successes of aid in the past and was far too casual about the basic U.S. position in the world. It is one thing to urge America to recognize its limitations; it is quite another to sit back and, as he put it, let nature take its course. Minority Leader Hugh Scott admitted that "we can expect revolution upon revolution" in the Third World, but he still feels that the U.S. must "participate modestly in the hope that they will turn out in ways compatible with our own interests and ideals." Most anti-aid arguments, complained Scott, amount to "telling the world to stop because we want to get off."

Anonymous Giving. Actually the Administration made reform proposals last April that might have met at least some of the critics' objections. But the House considered the reforms too complex to be handled this year and pigeonholed them. The Nixon plan was to split foreign aid into its three properly distinct parts, much as Fulbright wants to do.

One important objective of the reforms would be to channel a larger share of U.S. aid through such multinational agencies as the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund and the Inter-American Development Bank. This too is something that Democratic critics have been demanding. Theoretically, at least, an independent international agency can channel funds on a sounder, less political basis, thus avoiding the appearance of big-power meddling by the major donor.

There are practical dangers: an agency with broad representation may try to spread the available funds too widely so as to give everyone a share, thus preventing maximum impact anywhere. Relatively anonymous giving is also harder to sell to Congress and the public than are specific grants. Those objections may turn out to be unimportant.

Since both the Administration and the Senate seem increasingly determined on reform, it looks inevitable. But time is required for reforms, let alone for a redefinition of America's place in the world. These things cannot be achieved in haste, anger or boredom. Thus the immediate need is to save the present program, however clumsy, until something more rational can be enacted to take its place.



TEST PROTESTERS PARADE NEAR WHITE HOUSE

The Amchitka Bomb Goes Off

THE dull black cylinder on a mock Spartan anti-ballistic missile waited buried an incredible 6,000 feet beneath tiny Amchitka Island in the Aleutians. The signal was given and in one-tenth of a millionth of a second, Cannikin, code name for the most powerful underground nuclear test ever held by the U.S., exploded with the force of 5 million tons of TNT. TIME Correspondent Karsten Prager reported from the command bunker on Amchitka that half a second after detonation the earth heaved upward, hiding the test site in a curtain of dust and water, and aftershocks rumbled to the hunker 23 miles away. Seismographs registered a shock of the magnitude of seven on the Richter scale. But neither the earthquakes nor tidal waves that opponents of the test had feared in fact happened.

Tsunami. Their protests had been the most vigorous ever lodged against nuclear testing, both in the U.S. and overseas. Environmentalists and peace groups demonstrated in front of the White House, in Alaska and in Canada. More than 30 Senators led by Massachusetts Republican Edward Brooke sent an eleventh-hour telegram to President Nixon urging him to call off the blast. The Japanese government registered official reservations over the explosion and the possibility of a tsunami, or tidal wave, hitting the Japanese islands.

In Canada, opposition swelled to a feverish anti-American pitch. Canadian newspapers were filled with articles and cartoons denouncing the Amchitka blast. A bitter parliamentary debate caused the State Department and White House to assure the Canadians that their objections had been considered. Demonstrators closed major bridges connecting

Canada and Michigan for several hours. U.S. consulates were stoned. Five American-owned companies closed down operations following threats of terrorist bombings of U.S. firms.

Split Decision. The Committee for Nuclear Responsibility, representing a coalition of environmental and peace groups hastily organized to oppose Cannikin, launched a legal challenge against the Atomic Energy Commission in July. The case seeped through the federal courts until critical environmental reports were released. Then the appeal for a hearing to halt the test went to the Supreme Court. Convening on less than a day's notice in an extraordinary Saturday session, the justices were told that they had just 14 hours to deliberate until the uncertainty might begin to jeopardize part of the test. An hour later by a vote of 4 to 3 they issued a 51-word decision denying the injunction.

The test was necessary, the AEC maintained, to assure that the Spartan system would provide a "thin shield" defense against nuclear attack from the Chinese. Some scientists argued, however, that ABM policy and technology has left the Spartan system behind, and the AEC is testing a warhead that would never be used as designed.

Despite the government's last-minute success in court, the victory is far from complete. The furor over Cannikin is but the latest expression of citizen discontent with the relatively unchecked freedom with which weapons are commissioned, tested and deployed. In the years since World War II, there have been approximately 500 atomic- and hydrogen-bomb tests disclosed by the AEC, almost all accepted without serious challenge in Congress or across the country. Those days are clearly over.



WALLER



EVERS



RIZZO

Elections: Assessing the Contests

It is an off-off-year, and the elections held around the U.S. last week reflected the fact: local issues ruled local contests. The great national topics—the China visit, the Viet Nam War, even the general state of the economy—did not seem to cut many votes. People were more preoccupied with matters closer to home: their safety, their pocketbooks, their neighborhoods. The candidates who won responded to these needs—but not according to any fixed ideology. If law-and-order worked in Cleveland and Philadelphia, it failed in Boston. Blacks did not always vote in a bloc and—like whites—split their ticket as they pleased. The newly enfranchised 18- to 21-year-old voters were conspicuous for working with—and not against—their elders. In Virginia, an independent won the race for lieutenant governor on a populist platform that cut across class and ethnic lines, offering a seeming palliative for almost every plain citizen's nagging anxieties.

Neither Democrats nor Republicans could take any particular pleasure from the election returns. In Kentucky, the only state where the two major parties were battling for the governorship, the Democratic candidate, Lieutenant Governor Wendell Ford, was the winner. The race was a partial test of President Nixon's economic policies since Ford campaigned against them. But the lone congressional contest also served as a token test. H. John Heinz III, heir to the ketchup and pickle fortune, gingerly defended Nixon's wage-price freeze in his campaign and won a 2-to-1 victory. Democratic Mayor Joseph Alioto handily won re-election in San Francisco, despite the fact that he is under federal indictment for conspiracy and mail fraud and is on trial in the state of Washington for allegedly taking improper fees from public utilities. The Democrats reduced

the Republican majority in the New Jersey state senate and won control of the assembly by a one-vote margin. In Indianapolis, popular Republican Mayor Richard Lugar was re-elected with substantial black support after his Democratic opponent waged a demagogic antibusing campaign.

What interested politicians and political scientists most in the 1971 returns was a fresh testing of a major issue of the 1968 national campaigns, law-and-order, and the performance of two segments of the electorate—blacks and the young. A survey:

LAW-AND-ORDER. As expected, Mr. Law-and-Order, Frank Rizzo, was elected mayor of Philadelphia. The onetime police commissioner, who had stridently campaigned against permissive liberals and black militants, drew most of his support from the city's ethnic population, especially Italian Americans. But he also got 25% of the black vote, even though black leaders had denounced him as a racist. It was a sign that some blacks are as worried about crime as whites. His Republican opponent, Thacher Longstreth, ran a smooth campaign, but he was unable to stop the tide of Republican cross-overs who faked the image of the tough, honest, single-minded cop.

In Boston, however, the symbol of law-and-order took a drubbing. Pudge Congresswoman Louise Day Hicks, who once galvanized the white militants of the city, proved to be no Bella Abzug of the right. She ran a confused, lackluster campaign, while the incumbent, liberal Democrat Kevin White, scarcely made a misstep. While campaigning in part on the number of men he had added to the police force, White stressed other accomplishments: building more schools, lighting more parks and preventing the expansion of the airport that would have added to the din in the city—particularly in the wards where

Hicks is popular. White garnered an impressive 62.8% of the vote, defeating his opponent by a much greater margin than he did four years ago and burying her perhaps forever as a serious political force in Boston.

THE BLACKS. Before the election, black political leaders talked exuberantly of forging a solid voting bloc that might even dictate the choice of the Democratic presidential nominee at the national convention next year. The elections dimmed their dream. Even in Mississippi, where a popular, poised black candidate, Charles Evers, ran against a moderate white, William Waller, in the gubernatorial race, many blacks stayed home and approximately 10% to 12% of those who went to the polls voted for Waller (*see story opposite*). In Cleveland, Mayor Carl Stokes worked out an ambitious voting scheme for the city's blacks. He instructed them to vote for a moderate white candidate, James Carney, in the mayoral primary. They did overwhelmingly, and Carney won. Then in the general election he told them to switch their votes from Carney to the black candidate Arnold Pinkney. That was too tall an order and perhaps a little arrogant. An estimated 18% of the black vote stayed with Carney, thus throwing the election to the law-and-order Republican, Ralph Perk, who is a proud member of more than 100 ethnic organizations, ranging from the Polish Falcons to the West Side Irish-American Club. Perk, unlike Rizzo in Philadelphia, drew only 4% of the black vote on the law-and-order issue.

Some black candidates did prevail where they appealed to all races and not just to their own. Black moderates were elected mayor in two Michigan cities: Benton Harbor and Kalamazoo. When Richard Hatcher first ran for mayor of Gary, Ind., four years ago, the FBI flooded the tough steel town, federal marshals patrolled the polling places



HOOKER

and the national guard stood on the alert near by. Hatcher was elected by a razor-thin majority after a vicious, vitriolic campaign. Last week he was re-elected by almost a 3-to-1 majority and no guards were necessary. This time he won a few more votes in the white neighborhoods, where businessmen gave him credit for cutting down crime in the streets and for harassing the city's racketeers.

THE YOUNG. The youth vote surfaced significantly in areas where local issues aroused it; elsewhere it was submerged, an unpredictable factor going into 1972. In East Lansing, Mich., two city councilmen were elected by appealing to the newly enfranchised youngsters; both campaigned on issues popular at Michigan State University, such as building more housing and recreational facilities for the campus area (see story, page 18). In Newcomerstown, Ohio, 19-year-old Ronald J. Hooker won election as mayor on a law-and-order platform; he vowed to stop motorists from roaring through quiet village streets. The youth vote contributed to the election of Republican State Assemblyman Pete Wilson, 38, as mayor of San Diego. An advance man for Richard Nixon in the 1962 California gubernatorial campaign, Wilson won youthful support by putting a \$300 ceiling on contributions from real estate developers and by turning down all billboard advertising in the campaign. In Jersey City, 55 years of corrupt machine rule came to an end when Paul Jordan, 30, was elected mayor with the solid backing of young voters, many of them teen-agers. Jordan, who graduated from medical school only three years ago and specializes in control of drug abuse, decided to run when Mayor Thomas Whelan was ousted from office for accepting kickbacks from a construction firm.

Perhaps the most intriguing political approach was made in Virginia, where a veteran, tireless and salty campaigner, Henry Howell, won the race for lieu-

tenant governor by running as an independent. Accusing his Democratic and Republican opponents of purveying "political Pabulum," he championed the "little man" against the "big boys" in a campaign that was full of the flavor of bygone populism. He played down the race question, taking a less fervent stand against busing than his opponents. He concentrated on issues that would appeal to unaffluent blacks and whites alike: utility and insurance rates, hospitalization costs, the state tax on food and patent medicines. The voters responded. Along with the black vote, Howell drew a considerable portion of

the white vote that went to George Wallace in 1968.

Though last week's parochial and in places eccentric elections might be considered irrelevant to the national campaign coming up next year, they may offer a clue to voting patterns. The American electorate seems to be in a mood of withdrawal from the awesome, painful issues that have burdened it for several decades. While dealing as always with national and international events, politicians may be forced to pay more heed than usual to the small matters that form so large a part of ordinary life.

Black Setback in Mississippi

FOR blacks in Mississippi, the summer and fall of 1971 have been the most hopeful months since the high-water mark of the civil rights movement in the mid-'60s. During the years since passage of the Voting Rights Act, voter-registration drives have put 275,000 new black voters on the rolls. In eleven counties, blacks hold voting majorities, and overall they now amount to 28% of the registered electorate. If all blacks of voting age were registered, they would make up 33% of the registered voters in the state. With Charles Evers, brother of slain Civil Rights Leader Medgar Evers, spearheading an independent ticket in the race for Governor, Mississippi blacks decided to challenge the white majority by offering 284 candidates for posts ranging from the state legislature to the school board to the sheriff's office. Black leaders believed that the concerted campaign would be the turning point in their struggle to claim a share of political power in the state.

It was not to be. Evers polled only 22% of the votes, and lost. So did 240 of the 284 black candidates in the local races. Even in counties where whites were outnumbered blacks failed to gain political control. The massive setback to black hopes resulted from 1) huge turnouts of white voters, and 2) an apparently large number of black voters who supported white candidates.

Voter turnout was the largest in Miss-

issippi history, as high as 90% in some counties, but it was by and large the white voters who came to the polls in unprecedented numbers. The Democratic regulars pressed getting out the vote above all other issues. Mississippi Senators James Eastland and John Stennis traveled down from Washington to stomp the state with a single message: go to the polls Nov. 2.

Believing Whites. The effect was to swamp black candidates in many places. In the city of Jackson and Hinds County, 71,000 voters went to the polls and Black Lawyer Jack Young won just 13,900 votes. Basic political techniques—voter education, organizing a big turnout on election day—have not yet been mastered by the blacks. Some blacks, Young also believes, voted for his white opponent: "Black folks still believe what white folks say; they don't think they can believe in a black man."

Cleve McDowell lost a legislative race in Sunflower County by a 2-to-1 margin despite a 57% black edge in registered voters. Says McDowell: "The problem is getting them to understand that a black leader can look out for them." Even the charismatic Evers was hurt by the apparent failure of a black bloc to develop: his 158,000 votes represented little more than half of the black registered voters.

Some black candidates blamed Evers' quixotic campaign—intended more as a vehicle to encourage black polit-

VOTING LINES IN CANTON, MISS.



POLITICAL BRIEFS

Scoop Declares

In his quest for the Democratic presidential nomination, Senator Henry Jackson has rated up to an unimpressive 8% in the national polls. Indeed, there is some fear in his camp that Scoop could poop out long before next summer's nominating convention unless he rapidly becomes better known among voters and matches strides with the front runners in the initial presidential primaries. So Jackson has decided to enter the fray officially next week, and with a big bang.

On November 19, Jackson plans to announce his candidacy on an expensive, half-hour nationwide TV broadcast. In spite of the misgivings of his campaign manager, Hy Raskin, he will also enter the New Hampshire primary. Raskin wanted to concede the snowy state to Muskie and concentrate on Florida, where Jackson adherents are already engaged in precinct organization. But Jackson feels that New Hampshire is small enough so that he can overcome his low-recognition handicap. He also reasons that his political philosophy—a singular mix of the liberal and the conservative—will have considerable appeal for the New Hampshire party. Wishful theorizing or realistic gambling, it is clear that Jackson has no other option but to come out slugging before it is too late. Political seers generally agree that Muskie should win in New Hampshire, anyway. But Jackson's presence there will greatly complicate the race, and he need not get much more than 20% of the vote to establish his bona fides as a candidate.

A Letter from Gene

Clean Gene McCarthy is nothing if not unconventional. "It might just be one of those things that people wake up and discover," he said recently of his possible candidacy for President in 1972. And lo, two days later, some 150,000 friends and former supporters received letters outlining practically everything but a date for a formal announcement of candidacy. Not that there is any doubt that he is off and running.

McCarthy's calendar for the coming weeks is a campaign shishkebab of speeches, interviews, poetry readings and huddles with politicians and financial angels. Already hinted at on the lecture circuit and in talks with the press is a campaign strategy worthy of the arcane politician-poet. Among other things, McCarthy speaks of backing John Lindsay and George McGovern in areas where they could win convention delegates whose views are compatible with his own. Party regulars take a generally dim view of such unorthodoxy and because of it, few consider him a serious threat. Yet a Harris poll of the national electorate shows that as a fourth-party candidate McCarthy could pick up 10% of the vote, exactly the divisive probability that could cost the Democrats the White House.

ical participation than a realistic run on the statehouse—with contributing to their defeat. Says McDowell: "As a local candidate with a realistic chance of winning, we didn't get a penny from national resources. All the national money went into the more glamorous races that had no chance of winning." Added another black politician: "Charlie said he was going to turn out the vote. Well, he did—the white vote." Evers replied with charges of white manipulation at the polls and called for more federal supervision. There were scattered reports of intimidation, harassment and other irregularities during the vote counting.

The campaign was by no means a total loss for Mississippi blacks. For

the first time, black candidates played an important role in Mississippi politics and their disappointing showing is likely to improve. Governor-elect William Waller broke the vituperative pattern of past elections, studiously omitting racial references in his campaign rhetoric and emphasizing the need for harmony. After his defeat, Evers congratulated Waller for running a "clean campaign." The very fact of his candidacy, Evers said, shows how far blacks have come in Mississippi: "For me to be running for Governor in the state where my brother was killed and for none of us to get our heads bashed in—it's a helluva lot. We changed the whole political system of this state. It won't ever be the same again."

Student Power in East Lansing

THOUGH youth and students at Michigan State University account for more than half of East Lansing's 47,500 population, they have been without influence—and thus uninterested—in the town's affairs. Until last summer, that is, when the Michigan Supreme Court ruled that college students could register and vote locally. Spearheaded by an organization named VOTER (Various organizations to expand registration), student and adult volunteers set out to recruit 7,500 new voters this fall. Registration tables were set up on campus and free bus service offered from dorm and off-campus student residences to City Hall on special registration nights. The results were impressive. By the end of the drive, student registration had increased from 32% of the city's enrollment to 55%, a net gain of 8,690 voters.

Of the eight candidates for the three open city council berths, only two immediately assessed the new student voter potential and pitched their campaigns accordingly. George Griffiths, 42, a Lansing junior high school teacher and George Colburn, 33, an analyst for the Michigan legislature, appeared frequently on campus and plugged away for "participatory democracy at all levels." They also drew heavily on 300 mostly student volunteers to tout their message. Neither they nor any of the other candidates ran with party affiliation or identification.

No Sure Thing. Mayor Gordon L. Thomas, a ten-year incumbent and a professor of communications at M.S.U., was not quite so astute. Relying on his traditionally heavy support from the off-campus community, Thomas, 56, counted on two or three active volunteers to run his campaign and never appealed to the student vote. Still, the consensus of local political sages was that his election was a sure thing.

They were wrong. Mayor Thomas, who admitted he was shocked by the results, was ousted and finished fourth behind Council Incumbent Wilbur Brookover who, near the end of the cam-



MICHIGAN STUDENT LEAVES VOTING BOOTH
Making the difference.

paign, switched signals and began speaking and debating on campus. Both Griffiths and Colburn won handily, in some precincts capturing as much as 75% of the student vote. In one district near the M.S.U. campus, the student vote alone accounted for their 3,000-plus vote margin of victory over Mayor Thomas.

The election of Griffiths and Colburn is, of course, not indicative of any identifiable trend among youthful voters. Neither man may be considered a radical. Says Griffiths: "We are not out to disestablish the establishment." Moreover, both had substantial off-campus support. But for those looking to 1972, the dramatic demonstration of youth power in East Lansing shows that when students choose to throw their weight behind a candidate who also has local strength, they can make the difference.

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We're making the trains worth traveling again.



THE STATE DEPARTMENT Undiplomatic Reforms

Charles W. Thomas was a desperate man. A lawyer and a career diplomat, Thomas, 45, had been "selected out" of the Foreign Service. Reason: he had not been promoted from the Class 4 level to Class 3 within the mandatory eight years. He was dismissed with only one year's salary and \$323 a month (money he had himself put into a retirement fund) to support a wife and two children. In nearly three dispiriting years Thomas endured nearly 2,000 job rejection letters: he was "too old" or "too qualified," and anyway, he had been

tally misfiled under the name of another Charles W. Thomas, then Consul General in Antwerp. The report was eventually logged into its proper place, two days after Thomas had been turned down by the promotion board. The board deemed it too much bother to reopen the case.

Fang and Claw. The Thomas affair is certainly the most shocking to occur within the labyrinth of Foggy Bottom personnel practices, but it is by no means the only one of its kind. Willard Brown, a Class 2 officer, discovered after his selection-out that the State Department had lost all of his personnel records, and that consequently his name had

the feeling is that the rating system has deteriorated into an endless round of pettifoggeries and petty jealousies, where too frequently the men who do not play up to their superiors' vanities wind up on the short end.

This fang-and-claw attitude has prompted a thorough reappraisal of the State Department's personnel system. Rather belatedly, Deputy Under Secretary William Macomber Jr., the department's top administrative officer, called in Thomas' widow Cynthia and offered her virtually any job she wanted. More broadly, the selection-out rules have been changed to prevent the flagrant injustice in the systems. Now an officer who achieves Class 5 cannot be fired until he has reached age 50 or served 20 years. This way, at least, he is entitled to retirement pay.

Scornful. Further, the State Department has set up new, formidably titled Interim Grievance Procedures, the first major amendment to the Foreign Service Act since it was passed in 1946. These procedures are to last until employee-management relations are reformed under a plan projected by President Nixon. However, many officers are scornful of Macomber's new measures, since they stipulate that an employee must first take up his grievance with his superior—against whom the grievance is usually brought in the first place—and can only appeal to a board picked by the department. Says one legal official at State: "I don't care if a grievance panel is headed by Charles Evans Hughes or Jesus Christ, it still remains an in-house procedure without any chance of outside appeal."

Help is forthcoming from the outside. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee last week refused to report the confirmation of Howard P. Mace, 55, as U.S. Ambassador to Sierra Leone, which is tantamount to defeat of his nomination. As director of personnel for four years, Mace was the source of much of the department's interior turbulence. He was known behind his back as the "executioner," the man primarily responsible for the selecting-out process. Officers also noted that under his aegis men with high diplomatic potential were often bypassed for plush jobs in favor of men little experienced in diplomacy from his department. Congress is also taking more direct measures. There are two bills pending before Congress that would overhaul and codify the grievance system.

Concerned DOS officers are seizing their own initiative. A group has banded together to launch a class action against the Secretary of State: to raise money for this expensive exercise, they have instituted the Charles W. Thomas Fund. One junior officer invoked a more primitive grievance procedure. Furious over what he considered an unfair performance rating, he stopped his superior in a corridor of the State Department and cut loose a smacking right cross to the nose.



CHARLES, CYNTHIA & ZELDA THOMAS IN MEXICO (1967)
Reopening the case was too much bother.

fired by the State Department. Finally on an April afternoon in Washington, Charles Thomas took up a gun and shot himself to death.

There is a Kafkaesque cast to the Thomas tragedy. Try as he might, Thomas could not get his day in court to determine whether his selection-out was based on the fact that he had received poor performance ratings or that the State Department had somehow failed to consider his highly favorable ratings. In fact, it was the latter. Thomas had carved a distinguished career in posts such as Tangier, Port-au-Prince and Mexico City, where he became a specialist in Mexican radical politics. Indeed, he had high marks from his superiors and colleagues alike; the explicit blemish on his record was an observation by a Mexico City superior that Thomas did not exercise proper "control" over his secretary.

In contrast, a laudatory report from the Foreign Service Inspector, Ambassador Robert McClintock, was accident-

not been considered for promotion for several years. Nor are good men being passed over just for clerical errors. The selection process in the department has traditionally been the last word in Darwinistic elitism. McClintock, although a highly regarded professional, had a reputation for sending overly favorable reports on many officers. With little negative to go on, promotion boards used the tiniest criticisms as justification for passing over a candidate. Hence Thomas' dismissal.

There are 3,000 field officers and aides serving in the Foreign Service, and around 100 are weeded out every year. Two hundred more resign annually. The process follows a fundamental Government pattern. Every man is rated at least once a year by his superior, who then passes his reports on to a departmental reviewing officer, who in turn presents his recommendations to the reviewing boards. While no one in the department argues that incompetents should not be winnowed out,

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THE ECONOMY

The Specter of Phase 1½

FROM the moment that President Nixon slapped a three-month freeze on U.S. wages and prices, the chiefs of organized labor reacted with angry mistrust. Led by George Meany, the 77-year-old president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., they briefly considered boycotting the Pay Board appointed to set post-freeze rules for wage and benefit increases. Last week, when the 15-member board finally started trying to negotiate what would amount to a master labor contract for the entire U.S. economy, the five labor members found themselves at odds with not only the five business representatives but also the five members representing the public. After several fruitless sessions, including an all-day Saturday meeting, the union leaders reported that no agreement was in sight. The board will try again this week, but its deadline raises the possibility that the U.S. economy will not be able to enter Phase II on Sunday as scheduled.

The main dispute is over wage increases negotiated before the President's New Economic Policy began on Aug. 15. Union leaders regard these boosts as the hard-won fruits of negotiation, and are determined that their 19.4 million members will get the raises—both those that came due during the freeze and those called for after it ends. Management members of the Pay Board started out with a plan that would bar retroactive hikes and limit future increases to an average of 5%. To the surprise of the union men, the public members, instead of acting as mediators, put forth a suggestion almost as tough as management's. Apparently convinced that too much inflation is built into existing contracts, they proposed extending the freeze for two months, and requiring renegotiation of any labor agreements providing pay increases totaling more than 12% in the past 23 months. Growled Leonard Woodcock, president of the United Auto Workers: "This is an insult."

Powerful Tool. The issue took on partisan overtones when the House Banking and Currency Committee tried to write retroactivity of wage increases into law. While discussing the bill to extend Nixon's wage and price powers, the committee approved an amendment that would permit payment of raises agreed to before Aug. 15 unless they are "grossly disproportionate" to the national trend. The amendment was introduced by Democratic Representative Joseph Minish, a New Jersey A.F.L.-C.I.O. official for seven years before he won election to the House in 1962. It is far from certain that the amendment can pass Congress, but labor members of the Pay Board obviously saw it as a powerful tool in their bargaining.

The board was also prodded by the

Committee on Interest and Dividends, which is made up of Government officials. Chairman Arthur Burns announced that he will ask corporations to limit dividend increases to 4%. The figure was largely political; it was below the 5% wage guideline being discussed by the Pay Board and thus would make the nation's stockholders appear to be doing more than labor in holding down inflation. Burns reiterated the Administration's view that there should be no controls on interest, but he promised that his committee would keep a sharp eye on sectors of the money market that might be "sluggish" in following the current downward trend in loan charges.

On Friday night, private contacts with some management members of the

meetings preceding the A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention next week. He is not due to return to Washington until Nov. 24. Even if the board should agree this week, that would leave scant time for action by the Price Commission, whose guidelines must be based on post-freeze wage levels. Treasury Secretary John Connally's Cost of Living Council is empowered to set interim price and wage standards, but Connally is due to be in Japan all this week. Thus, unless a quick agreement emerges from the Pay Board, the freeze will likely continue. In short, the nation may be facing Phase 1½.

Cracks in the Freeze

Mrs. Nancy Portnof got no satisfaction when she complained to the manager of a Manhattan supermarket about a rise in the price of frozen orange juice from 55¢ for two cans to 30¢ for one can during the freeze. "He just told me to shop somewhere else," she says. Taking him at his word, Mrs. Portnof organized



SELLING FISH IN NEW YORK
The halibut soared.

Pay Board led union chiefs to believe that they would be offered a 7% wage guideline on post-freeze raises and retroactive payment of all except a few egregiously high increases that were due during the freeze. Late Saturday, however, the management men came back with a proposal for a 5½% guideline and no retroactivity, possibly because they could not rally corporate support for the earlier idea. The unionists refused even to consider these terms, and the meeting ended abruptly. Said Woodcock: "We have no agreement, in principle or any other way."

The stalemate made it increasingly doubtful that Nixon's Nov. 14 deadline for beginning Phase II can be met. After this week's scheduled Pay Board meeting Monday afternoon, Meany was planning to travel to Miami for union

20 families into a buying union that shops wholesale markets for food.

Few consumers have been moved to such drastic action, but many share Mrs. Portnof's disillusion with the President's anti-inflationary program. They have noted enough price boosts during the freeze to make them highly skeptical of the presumably more flexible controls that will be in effect during Phase II. In a recent Gallup poll, 63% of those questioned said that they expected prices to rise in the next six months.

How well founded is this distrust? Officials maintain that illegal price hikes have not been widespread, yet their own figures raise some doubt. Wholesale prices have dipped slightly the past two months, but in September, the first full month of the freeze, the consumer price index went up .2% nationally. In New

York it climbed .5%, and in Philadelphia .9%. Paul W. McCracken, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, has started an investigation.

Dearer for Two. Some increases seem clearly illegal. Retail prices of seven cuts of meat that are subject to controls have risen substantially in New York City, according to a state-government survey. For instance, porterhouse steak climbed from a pre-freeze high of \$1.99 a pound to \$2.09. Last week freeze-enforcing Internal Revenue Service agents found only negligible meat violations; possibly shopkeepers had been alerted by the well-publicized study. Another study disclosed even larger jumps in some fish prices. Halibut steak soared 25%, to \$1.49 a pound.

Sellers can present some justification for other price boosts, even though the rises annoy consumers. Sammy D's, an Italian restaurant in Minneapolis, last week began charging \$2 for antipasto shared by two people, though the identical portion served to one diner remains price-frozen at \$1.50. The restaurant labels the increase a "service charge." Many women are convinced that they are paying more for clothing, but "it is very difficult to pinpoint a cause for complaint," says Kitty Dobrina, a Cleveland fashion model. "Stores have the increases on changes in styles. A merchant will say that skirts are longer this year, so the price increase only reflects the cost of the extra material."

Needed: ESP. A dispute about ticket-price increases by the 26 professional football teams has reached the federal courts, where the Government is suing the Atlanta Falcons in a test case. The teams contend that the increase is legal because it was posted before the freeze. The Government points out that the first games to which the higher prices apply were played during the freeze.

The freeze obviously has slowed the rise in U.S. prices, but that is not quite enough to make it a complete success. One of its major aims was to break inflationary psychology—consumers' belief that prices will rise endlessly. If that psychology continues, the Phase II controls, which will depend largely on voluntary compliance, are unlikely to work. At meetings of IRS agents last week, officials passed out buttons proclaiming "We've Got ESP"—for Economic Stabilization Policy. It would take a different kind of ESP to detect any widespread consumer confidence that prices are being brought fully under control.

The Limits of Productivity

Should a pianist be paid more if he manages to zip through a concert in half the usual time? The answer, obviously, is no, but the question is not as silly as it sounds. The pay increases that the Government allows during Phase II are supposed to be tied largely to productivity—the value of output per man-hour.

Today almost two-thirds of all U.S. workers do not manufacture products. They provide services, such as playing pianos, performing surgery, repairing dishwashers, designing packages, arresting muggers and selling and leasing almost anything. The means of gauging—much less improving—productivity in service fields are at best primitive.

This flaw in the service fields is likely to be a significant drawback in the Administration's efforts to revive the economy without inflation. Most economists, industrialists and labor leaders agree that increased productivity is the key to a high living standard, a competitive

least are the deep-rooted difficulties in improving output per man-hour in many service fields. Increasing the number of a doctor's patients or the size of a teacher's class could be taken as improving their "productivity," but the dilution of quality in the services they perform would probably be unacceptable.

Service industries generally have been dogged by low productivity. Between 1950 and 1970, manufacturing productivity increased by an average of 2.5% a year. While some services—notably communications and utilities—did better than that, most non-product industries did worse. Real estate, financial and insurance services posted productivity gains of about 1.8%, and business and professional services averaged about 1.2%. Last year service industries, which employ more than 60% of the work force, accounted for little more than half of the \$974 billion G.N.P. Obviously, more service employees produced less than fewer manufacturing employees. As a consequence, prices in service industries rose, contributing to inflation.

Leon Greenberg, director of the National Commission on Productivity, agrees that it is difficult to improve service productivity, but contends that it is not impossible: "Housecleaning, for example, might some day be reduced by an air conditioner that absorbs dust," he says. These are long-range goals, however, and not likely to have an immediate effect. Yet despite their low productivity, service workers' pay will continue to rise in Phase II, which will tend to press up prices and weaken the drive against inflation.

Unworkable Dogma. Boosting productivity is less difficult in manufacturing, where output per man-hour is easily measured. But even in the factories, the problems are formidable. Many industries, notably steel and oil refining, are now highly automated and have to rely largely on growing demand and greater plant utilization to bring down unit costs. Changes in featherbedding work rules would help. But given labor's militant mood, this probably could be accomplished only at the cost of widespread disruptive strikes.

The implication of all these problems is that there will have to be a speedup in the pace of economic recovery to bring about an anti-inflationary rise in productivity, rather than the other way round. Says Robert Nathan, a member of Time's Board of Economists: "We need a hell of a big push on the economy through increased Government spending. This would lead to greater demand, lower unemployment, higher plant utilization and productivity, and give us a better chance to fight inflation." That is the reverse of traditional economic dogma, which holds that a rapid business expansion creates the danger of feeding inflation—but traditional economic dogmas do not seem to be working any more.



American edge in foreign markets and economic growth. For example, a mere .1% increase in productivity this year would add \$1 billion to the gross national product. In the past four years, however, the rate of increase in U.S. productivity has slipped from its historic norm of about 3% a year to an average of 1.7%, well behind leading European nations and Japan. Part of the reason is the shift from a manufacturing to a service economy. Because wages have climbed much faster—8% or more in the past two years—the prices of goods and services have soared, fueling inflation.

Reversing the Process. The economy's slow recovery from last year's recession should soothe this pain somewhat. Productivity always suffers during recessions, when employers traditionally cut production faster than they lay off workers. During a recovery, the process reverses: the workers who have been kept on the payroll get more to do as sales pick up. Paul W. McCracken, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, predicts that productivity in the next year could rise as much as 4%.

Yet, there are important factors working against any productivity surge. Not

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CHIAO KUAN-HUA



CHINA'S FLAG AT U.N. PLAZA



HUANG HUA

United Nations: Mao's Men in Manhattan

AT 8 a.m. one day last week, two American guards stepped forward and raised the gold-starred red flag of China over the United Nations Plaza. Only a bevy of photographers witnessed the historic occasion. Flanking the new banner were the flags of Chile and Colombia—reflecting Peking's cabled wish to be known as China, People's Republic of, rather than as the People's Republic of China. When the Chinese take their place this week, the U.N. for the first time will be able to claim realistically that it represents fully 95% of the world's population.*

Though the Chinese delegation was still en route to New York, it had already had quite an impact on the U.N. In the General Assembly and in the multitudinous committees, urgent matters were being set aside until the men from Peking could be heard from. The General Assembly, for example, delayed debate on a Soviet-sponsored proposal for a nuclear disarmament conference attended by all nations (China is known to favor such a meeting). Also waiting for the Chinese, the U.S. postponed a major address to the budget committee.

Rhetorical Smoke. The Chinese indicated that they were intent on serious diplomatic business by naming a high-powered delegation (see box), whose ten members, headed by Deputy Foreign Minister Chiao Kuan-hua, are particularly well-grounded in Soviet and U.S.

affairs. One reason for fielding a team heavily laden with Americanologists is that the corridors and lounges of the U.N. present abundant opportunity for bilateral contacts with the U.S. delegation, which has assigned two China experts to its own staff. Thus Peking's men in the U.N. will constitute an unofficial embassy in the U.S.

Not necessarily a friendly one, though. In Peking, at a multicourse banquet for representatives of nations that had voted for China's entry into the U.N., Acting Foreign Minister Chi Peng-fei used the occasion to give the delegation an appropriately revolutionary send-off. "The one or two superpowers are finding it more and more difficult to engage in truculent acts of manipulating the U.N. and international affairs," he declared. "Countries want independence, nations want liberation, and people want revolution—this has become an irresistible trend in the world today."

The zeal behind such rhetorical smoke may face an early tempering in the U.N., where China will be forced to make hard choices between ideology and the practical imperatives of diplomacy. Probably Peking's least difficult task will be reaching agreement with Moscow and Washington on a new Secretary-General to replace the retiring U Thant, who collapsed in his office last week and was hospitalized for treatment of a peptic ulcer. A far harder problem is posed by the Middle East. Peking, which last week refused to accept a congratulatory telegram from Israel, one of its supporters in the vote on admission, has all along backed the Palestinian fedayeen, often against Soviet-supported Arab governments. To continue to do so would risk alienating many Arab countries that Peking hopes to enlist as allies. Probably the touchiest question of all is posed by the India-

Pakistan standoff. China is a firm friend of the Islamabad government, which is suppressing in East Pakistan precisely the kind of revolutionary movement that Peking is pledged to support elsewhere.

Prudent Withdrawal. The U.S. tried to smooth the way for Peking's men as much as possible by waiving the usual visa requirements. But the Chinese, like the Russians, will probably be restricted to a radius of 25 miles from New York City, unless they apply for special permission 48 hours in advance of any planned trip (permission is usually granted routinely). While the State Department had not yet decided last week whether to apply this rule to the Chinese, the indications were that Washington would do so—on the rationale that, if the U.S. had representatives in Peking, their travels would be restricted like those of non-Communist diplomats already there.

The new Chinese presence will pose a slew of practical problems for the U.N. and its affiliates. UNESCO has already expelled Taipei and asked Peking to join, and the Food and Agriculture Organization in Rome, which has had no representative from Taiwan since 1952, has invited Mao Tse-tung's China to become a member. But Taipei gave no indication of departing voluntarily from the eleven other self-governing U.N. affiliates. A week before the vote admitting Peking to the U.N., however, the Nationalist government prudently withdrew its \$59.9 million deposit from the International Monetary Fund, before the People's Republic could lay claim to it.

Apart from matters of state, the Chinese faced numerous housekeeping decisions. They may set up temporary shop in the distinctly unproletarian Waldorf-Astoria, but they will have no lack

* Nine states with a total population of approximately 200 million are unrepresented: the two Germanys, the two Koreas and the two Viet Nams, as well as Rhodesia, whose government has no international legal standing, and Switzerland, which chooses to stay out under its historic policy of absolute neutrality. As for the 14 million people of Taiwan, Peking claims to represent them—just as Taipei claimed somewhat fancifully to represent the more than 750 million people of the mainland.

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FTC Report
Aug. 71

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of choice for more permanent digs. The owners of several Upper East Side brownstones have already cabled sell-off offers to Ottawa, where Peking's Ambassador Huang Hua held a farewell reception last week before taking up his post as Permanent Representative to the U.N. As for security, the Chinese delegation is unlikely to present the same problem for the U.N. and the New York police as the Soviet delegation, which is daily harassed by the extremist Jewish Defense League. Nonetheless, U.N. security officials stepped up their surveillance of tourists visiting the organization's headquarters, whose numbers have increased by 20% since the vote to admit China and expel Taiwan was taken two weeks ago.

On the Skids. The Chinese entry into the U.N. does little to solve the most fascinating question of all: What has been going on in China itself? In mid-September, the Chinese air force was inexplicably grounded (it still is) and the National Day parade was later canceled. Sinologists piecing together the vaguest of clues last week were more than well inclined to believe that Lin Piao, Mao's designated heir-apparent, was gravely ill or on the political skids. He has not been seen for five months, and there have been oblique attacks on some of his ideological assertions.

There was also the possibility that the Communist Party, which relied heavily on the military to regain control of the country after the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, might now be trying to reassert its dominance.



LIN PIAO
Oblique attacks.

That could account for the fact that the heads of the army, navy and air force have also dropped out of sight—and did not even reappear last week to greet their visiting Pakistani counterparts, an occasion when protocol absolutely demanded the presence of Peking's military chiefs. Still, the only certain judgment was that, whatever the nature of the struggle, Premier Chou En-lai was not likely to come up a loser. The abundance of Chou protégés on the delegation due in Manhattan this week seems proof that the agile Chou has not lost his footing.

SOUTHEAST ASIA

A Modest Insurance Premium

Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, who paid \$5,000 for the right to found an English settlement on Singapore in 1819, cherished a lofty vision of its future. "Let it still be the boast of Britain to write her name in characters of light," he said. "Let her not be remembered as the tempest whose course was desolate, but as the gale of spring reviving the slumbering seeds of mind... If the time shall come when her empire shall have passed away, these monuments will endure."

Last week that time came. In a farewell sea parade, 16 warships of the Royal Navy, with flags flying and all hands on deck, steamed out of Singapore harbor under a cover of 50 planes and helicopters. Shortly before, the British had staged their final parade at Kangaw Barracks—Royal Navy sailors in the lead, followed by Royal Marines in desert khaki and pith helmets, Royal Highland Fusiliers in tartan caps, men of the Royal Air Force and the Royal Artillery. "It is quite an occasion—an historic occasion," said Air Chief Marshal Sir Brian Burnett, the last head of the British Far East Command.

In the late 1940s and throughout the 1950s, the Far East Command directed a bloody but successful campaign against Communist guerrillas in the Malayan jungles. As late as 1965, when Indonesia was waging a new guerrilla war against Malaysia, Britain met the

"We Know the Americans"

"It's the first team," said an impressed U.S. State Department official. It was indeed a strong group that Peking announced last week as its delegation to the United Nations. Lean in numbers, the ten-member delegation was impressively high in rank and long on diplomatic experience—convincing evidence that the Communists regard their newly won seat in the U.N. as a significant opportunity.

The people from the People's Republic are all dedicated revolutionaries, but they are also well-born intellectuals, educated elitists who have traveled widely and are no strangers to the purlieus of diplomacy. All speak English. The head of the delegation, tall, lean, youthful-looking Deputy Foreign Minister Chiao Kuan-hua, 57, can switch when necessary to French or Japanese or Russian or German, the last of which he acquired (along with a Ph.D. in philosophy) at Tübingen University in the 1930s.

As the chief delegate only to the current U.N. General Assembly, Chiao will be the transient member of Peking's team; even before the assembly session ends next month, he may return to Peking, where, among other things, he has been handling the prickly talks on the Sino-Soviet border dispute. China's permanent U.N. representative will be courtly Ambassador Huang Hua, the only member of the delegation with prior professional service in North America; since April he has been China's ambassador to Canada, a post that he will resign when he takes up his duties in New York. In all, five of Peking's delegates have held posts outside China (in Moscow, London, Cairo, New Delhi and Ghana). Some are veterans of the swings that Chou frequent-

ly made through the Third World. The only woman delegate, Wang Hai-yung, 34, has never been outside the Middle Kingdom. But then, Miss Wang has special qualifications: she speaks English, she has been deputy chief of the Foreign Ministry's protocol department and she is reputed to be the niece of none other than Chairman Mao Tse-tung.

Career Diplomat Fu Hao is an expert in Asian affairs. An Chih-yuan was Peking's chargé in Moscow when Sino-Soviet relations were descending to their invective-filled worst. Garrulous Tang Ming-chao got a degree from the University of California and edited a small pro-Communist daily in New York City before returning to China in 1949; he has been a greeter of foreign VIPs in Peking and a traveling agitator, plugging the Communist line at one "youth conference" or antiwar rally after another despite his age (he is now 61). Hsiung Hsiang-hui, 52, picked up a degree at Ohio's Case Western Reserve University in the 1940s and a taste for Savile Row suits as Peking's chargé in London in the early 1960s.

Even though they have never lived in the U.S., the top men in the delegation are familiar with Americans. Chiao was a capable young aide of Chou En-lai's in the 1940s when Chou was dealing with such Yankee generals as "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell and George C. Marshall. Later, Chiao and his wife, who had been Chou's pretty press spokeswoman during World War II, were a popular couple in Hong Kong, where they represented Peking's news agency. At the 1961 Geneva Conference on Laos, where he was Chou's chief counselor, Chiao proudly told an Indian delegate: "We know [the Americans] better than you do."

The delegation's ranking experts on the present U.S. leadership are Huang Hua and his deputy Chen Chu. Both have met Henry Kissinger in Peking.

threat by maintaining a force of 70,000 men in the area. "But for the forces of the Far East Command during the years of confrontation," said Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew, "it would have been a very different South-east Asia." The annual cost of \$630 million proved too great, however, and in 1966 Harold Wilson's Labor government announced that Britain would withdraw from east of Suez. Now that the Malaysian area has been quietly stabilized, Britain will station there only what the current Conservative government of Edward Heath describes as a "modest insurance premium"—one infantry battalion and a few miscellaneous units in a symbolic ANZUK force of 7,000 men, mainly from Australia and New Zealand. In case of crisis, the five nations will "consult" on what to do.

Elsewhere along its onetime imperial lifeline, Britain will keep five battalions in Hong Kong but remove all troops from the Persian Gulf area by the end of the year. It will also keep one R.A.F. base in the Persian Gulf and one on the Indian Ocean island of Gan—which is among the most isolated outposts in the world—so that troops can be quickly airlifted eastward in case of emergency.

INDIA

Misery's Spawning Ground

The most devastating cyclones in history have boiled up out of the Bay of Bengal. In 1876, one of them took 100,000 lives in half an hour. In 1942, a wall of sea water 30 ft. high, advancing in front of 120-m.p.h. winds, washed over 5,000 sq. mi. of Bengal. In this century's worst natural disaster, a cyclone* rose up from the bay last year and swept across the coastal area of East Pakistan, killing as many as 500,000. Last week the ghastly business of counting bodies along the bay's palm-fringed coastline was under way again. A storm with shrieking 120-m.p.h. winds, torrential rains and a 15-ft. tidal wave struck India's Orissa State, southwest of Calcutta. The death toll was set officially at 12,000, though unofficial estimates indicated that it could be closer to 25,000. Fully 1,000,000 were left homeless. Many of the victims were refugees who had poured out of East Pakistan to escape the man-made violence there.

The killer storm left nearly 10,000 sq. mi. of fertile farm land inundated, in some places by water 18 ft. deep. The area of greatest suffering was a heavily populated 15-mile stretch of coastline between the Mahanadi and Baitarani rivers.

A Man Alone. Entire villages were wiped out, and the sodden ground was spotted with bloated corpses and the



CYCLONE DEVASTATION IN ORISSA STATE
"The whole town was crying."

debris of houses, offices and shops. The port of Paradeep, India's eighth largest, was heavily damaged. Rivers overflowed their banks. Trees were uprooted and countless people were swept away in the tidal surge.

One man, with his wife and four sons, rode the tide atop a patch of straw that had been the roof of their house. In the end, the man was alone. "They all lost their grip and floated away," he said. "my wife and sons, the big and the small ones." Said another victim: "That night it seemed as though the whole town was crying."

After one night of terror, the storm's fury abated. Indian federal and state governments moved quickly to provide aid to the victims of Orissa. Soldiers helped in the digging-out process while military planes dropped supplies to the survivors. Menial laborers, most of them belonging to India's "untouchable" caste, were brought in to help dispose of the bodies.

Many in India wondered aloud why the government had not taken steps to prepare Orissa for the cyclone. When it was first spotted and reported by a U.S. weather satellite a full day before it hit land, the storm seemed to be headed for the very area of East Pakistan that was devastated last year. Then it changed direction, but the satellite forecast well in advance that it was headed for Orissa. "The authorities seem always caught unawares by calamities, even when they are at least partially foreseeable," said the *Statesman*, one of India's leading dailies. "The traditional attitude of resignation to the caprices of nature seems totally out of tune with modern times." At week's end a new cyclone was ominously brewing in the bay, which seems to be an inexhaustible spawning ground of misery; it was heading toward India's east coast.

Trying to Cap a Hot Volcano

"I am sitting on top of a volcano," said India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi before leaving London last week, "and I honestly do not know if it is going to erupt." The volcano is the menacing, brink-of-war situation on the borders of India and Pakistan, brought about by the civil conflict that has ravaged East Pakistan since last March and sent nearly 10 million refugees flooding into India. To cap the volcano before it strained India's economy beyond its limits or led to all-out war, Mrs. Gandhi was pinning her hopes on the U.S.

There was more than a little irony in that fact. Relations between Washington and New Delhi were at their lowest point since India won independence in 1947, largely as a result of the Administration's continued arms shipments to Pakistan. New Delhi hoped to persuade Washington to withdraw its economic and military support from Pakistan, whose President, Agha Mohi-ud-Din Yahya Khan, is carrying on a policy of attrition against East Pakistan. Washington, for its part, hoped to dislodge New Delhi from striking out against Pakistan.

Tormented Faces. Richard Nixon gave Mrs. Gandhi a gracious welcome on the South Lawn of the White House. It was a glorious autumn day in Washington, with the flags snapping in the wind and monuments gleaming in the sunshine. Thirteen silver trumpets sounded a fanfare from the White House portico. Then Mrs. Gandhi, regal in a brown sari and cashmere cape, reviewed the troops with the President.

With a flourish, Nixon declared: "Today we stand in Washington on Nov. 5, a winter day. In our country, we call this kind of a day Indian sum-

* Hurricanes, as they are known in the Atlantic and Caribbean, are called cyclones in Southern Asia and typhoons in the Pacific.

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NIXON WITH MRS. GANDHI...
Were they communicating?

mer." As it happened, it was Nov. 4—autumn, not winter—and Indian summer derives from American Indians, not Indira's countrymen. But, the President said, the weather was "a good omen for our countries"—and indeed it seemed so. Concluding with a passing allusion to the treaty signed recently by the Soviet Union and India, Nixon said that India and the U.S. are bound by a "profound morality that does not need a legal document to make it live." Plainly, the U.S. is edgy because Moscow has become India's chief armorer and the most influential foreign power in New Delhi—despite \$9 billion in American aid over the past two decades, roughly six times the Soviet outlay.

Mrs. Gandhi, responding to Nixon, was brief and eloquent. "It has not been easy," she said, "to get away at a time when India is beleaguered. To the natural calamities of drought, flood and cyclone has been added a man-made tragedy of vast proportions. I am haunted by the tormented faces in our overcrowded refugee camps reflecting the exodus of those millions from East Bengal. I have come here looking for a deeper understanding of the situation in our part of the world, in search of some wise impulse which, as history tells us, has sometimes worked to save humanity from despair."

Longest Talks. There were indications that Mrs. Gandhi found at least in some measure a deeper understanding—if not Administration support—for her policies. Her two meetings with the President ran for three hours 15 minutes—one of the longest discussions Nixon has ever held with a visiting head of government. Nixon was said to have urged

restraint on Mrs. Gandhi, stressing that he was privately making the same point to Pakistan. The President also pressed for mutual withdrawal of troops from the borders, where incidents between Pakistani and Indian forces are now reported almost daily, and called on Mrs. Gandhi to open negotiations with Pakistan. Though arms shipments already "in the pipeline" to Pakistan would go through, the President indicated, no further deliveries would be forthcoming. He assured Mrs. Gandhi that all efforts would be made to restore the money earmarked for India in the foreign aid bill voted down by the Senate two weeks ago.

For her part, Mrs. Gandhi pleaded that the refugees he dealt with on an international basis rather than as an exclusively India-Pakistan problem. India cannot withdraw her troops from the border, she said at the National Press Club, because "we don't trust Pakistan to withdraw." As for negotiating with Pakistan, she was adamant in her refusal. As she told an audience in London, "You could have said, 'Let's have a talk with Hitler.' But you didn't. You fought on for four hard years. That is the situation today." At the White House State dinner, she asked: "Has not your own society been built of people who have fled from social and economic injustice? From those who value and uphold democratic principles, we expect understanding and, may I add, a certain measure of support."

Handsome Bearing. Some high-ranking U.S. officials remained unconvinced by her arguments; they feel that India may be trying to encourage the disintegration of Pakistan. But as one Western diplomat put it recently, "Pakistan is a drowning dog. India doesn't have to push its head under." Nonetheless, Mrs. Gandhi's handsome bearing, forthright manner and ranking as Prime Minister of the world's largest democracy (pop. 547 million) won her new friends in Washington—and new support. Fred Harris of Oklahoma introduced a resolution in the Senate urging that the U.N. Security Council call an emergency session on the India-Pakistan situation.

After taking India's case to Paris and Bonn this week, she will head home. If the volcano should still explode, no one could say that Indira had not tried.

AUSTRALIA

Just a Passing Glance

Sandwiched between President Tito and Mrs. Gandhi, Australia's conservative Prime Minister William McMahon arrived in Washington last week to discuss his country's alliance with the U.S. But who could concentrate on such matters when he brought along his wife, Sonia, a tall, smashing, 39-year-old blonde, who appeared at the White House in a white crepe evening gown that was slit up both sides, all the way from Melbourne to Brisbane? "I chose it for her," said McMahon, 63, a bach-

elor until six years ago. "I would never have been so daring," murmured Sonia, not very convincingly.

President Nixon asked for the couple's favorite song, and the Army Strolling Strings struck up *Fascination* ("Just a passing glance, just a brief romance..."). McMahon had sung that song to Sonia, he said, on the night he proposed to her. When she hesitated he sang the song ten times and "was just about to give up" when she finally accepted.

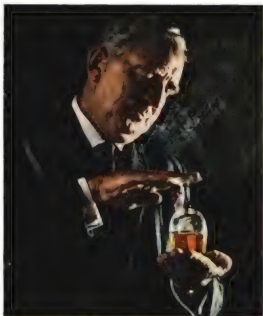
Deep in His Heart. Now about those official talks. McMahon was in something of an embarrassing position back home. Last July, he had just finished exonerating an opposition leader for paying a visit to China when he heard that President Nixon, too, would soon be voyaging to Peking. Nixon tried hard during their talks to reassure McMahon that Australia would be more fully consulted in the future. McMahon responded effusively: "You have taken me into your confidence in a way that I wouldn't have believed to be possible. You have told me of your grand design for the future. Deep in my heart, I feel that you will be successful."

Deeper in his heart, McMahon is no doubt hoping that he will be successful in next year's elections. But Australia's economy is in the doldrums, and McMahon, the third conservative Prime Minister in three years, has not created a strong image of leadership. Polls show that approval of his party has dropped to 43%. Even so, his warm reception in Washington—"Triumphant," the *Sydney Morning Herald* called it—may yet help him just enough to win re-election to a three-year term.



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This unique combination of skill, instinct, experience, and this authentic ritual is one of the many reasons why Dewar's "White Label" is considered to be the authentic Scotch of today.



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CHILE

"You're Going Great, Chicho"

The crowd that thronged Santiago's 100,000-seat National Stadium was Chile's new elite. There were rural *campesinos* carrying scythes, cement workers in blue hardhats, electricians in yellow ones, copper miners whose helmet lights glowed eerily in the dusk. For nearly two hours they listened as their tieless, coatless President, Salvador Allende Gossens, reeled off numbers—of farms expropriated, factories nationalized, peasants resettled on their own new lands. "The Chilean road toward socialism," he boomed, "has been realized with the least social cost of any other revolution in the world."

The revolution that Chile's President

where "Chicho" (an affectionate nickname) is headed are the hundreds of thousands of Chilean peasants and wage earners who were left out of the modest prosperity that the copper-rich country enjoyed after World War II. But Chile's broad middle—its businessmen, managers and professional men—have begun to balk. Their worry is that Allende, under pressure from his own far-left hackers, has begun to move too far, too fast.

Outside Chile, Allende is rapidly winning acceptance. On a recent ten-day swing through Peru, Ecuador and Colombia, he won pledges of moral support for his sweeping nationalization of American-owned firms. Even Argentina's jittery military regime has begun to regard its Marxist neighbor as just

a showdown now is that the opposition, led by the middle-riding Christian Democrats, is threatening to impose legislative reins on the President's headlong nationalization program. The President will probably carry his legislative reform to the people in a referendum which could be held as early as next spring.

If the Christian Democrats complain that Allende is moving too fast, the radical left has long been damning him for moving too slowly. Egged on by extremist groups like MIR (for Movement of the Revolutionary Left), bands of Mapuche Indians have seized scores of farms in the name of "land reform." Something of the same defiant spirit has come to Chile's copper mines, which are troubled by high absenteeism, low discipline and disappointing production since they were nationalized last July.

Double the Money. Allende's freeze on prices has helped to hold inflation down to around 14% this year (v. 35% in 1970), and across-the-board wage increases ranging from 25% to 50% have sent happy Chilean wage earners off on a giddy spending spree. But the printing presses have doubled the money supply, and unless Allende imposes tough austerity measures soon, Chile's surface prosperity may fade quickly. In any case, Allende may soon have to ask for rescheduling of payments on the \$2.75 billion that Chile owes its foreign creditors—half of whom are in the U.S.

Allende has not exactly cultivated a charitable mood in the U.S. Last month he announced that the Kennecott and Anaconda copper companies had earned "excess profits" totaling \$774 million over the past 15 years; since their expropriated mines have a book value of almost \$600 million, that meant not only that the companies would receive no compensation, but that they actually owed the government a hefty sum.

In a harsh statement, Secretary of State William Rogers last month warned that Allende's action had "serious implications for the rule of law." Rogers left the strong impression that the U.S. might invoke the Hickenlooper Amendment, which requires an immediate cut-off of aid, loans and credit to countries that expropriate American-owned property without just compensation. Actually, invocation of the amendment for the first time in Latin America would probably hurt the U.S. more than Chile, which is no longer receiving any significant American aid.

That could be precisely what Allende is counting on. All over Santiago, posters proclaim that CHILE HAS PUT ON ITS LONG PANTS. NOW THE COPPER IS OURS. Allende watchers wager that when the coming economic crunch does hit, the regime will do its best to put the blame on the U.S., deserved or not. Thus, though U.S. retaliation for the copper seizures would do little for the victimized companies, Allende conceivably could use it to spur anti-Yanqui rage.



ALLENDE ARRIVING AT ANNIVERSARY RALLY IN SANTIAGO STADIUM

Without shooting, showing or shouting.

has been pressing since his inauguration a year ago last week has no parallel in Latin America or anywhere else. As Latin America's first and only freely elected Marxist President, he plans to steer his country of nearly 10 million into "total, scientific Marxist socialism" without shooting, without showing, and even without very much shouting. If he succeeds, it will be largely because of Chile's strong democratic traditions. As long as Allende governs under the law, Chile's armed forces are not likely to move against him.

Nonetheless, one year after Allende began to lead the way down his cherished "road to socialism," the parade behind him has grown a little ragged. Allende still stirs enthusiasm, to be sure. One Santiago newspaper last week applauded in red banner headlines: YOU'RE GOING GREAT, CHICHO, YOU'RE GOING GREAT. Those who are happiest about

another striving nationalist. The Communist countries have been careful not to embrace Allende too eagerly, for fear that they might do him more harm than good. For that reason, Fidel Castro refused an invitation to Allende's inauguration last year; he is due to arrive in Santiago for his first visit some time this month.

Showdown. By the time Castro arrives, Allende will be deep in a crucial domestic battle. In his Santiago speech, he promised to press for his long-delayed and bitterly controversial plan to replace Chile's two-house legislature with a unicameral "Popular Assembly." In doing so, he set the stage for a showdown with his increasingly restive opposition, which holds a majority in both the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies over Allende's coalition of Communists, Socialists and smaller left-wing parties. One reason why Allende wants

MIDDLE EAST

Four Wise Men

Coping with a single chief of state is enough to make protocol officials nervous. Thus there was more than a little Israeli concern last week when four self-styled "Messengers of Peace"—Senegal's poet-President Léopold Senghor, Cameroun's President Ahmadou Ahidjo, Nigeria's Chief of State Yakubu Gowon, and the Zaïre Republic's President Joseph Mobutu—flew almost simultaneously into Lod International Airport outside Tel Aviv. They had been dispatched by the Organization of African Unity to help bring peace between Arabs and Israelis "by means of a dialogue," as Senghor put it.

don black ties for a dinner in the visitors' honor.

The Africans were deeply serious about their mission. Last summer, the O.A.U. passed a resolution calling on Israel to withdraw from all the occupied territories and appointed a committee of ten "wise men" to study the Egyptian-Israeli conflict and return with recommendations. The ten, in turn, dispatched the four-man mission on the first incursion of African diplomacy into the tangled Middle East. On arrival, Senghor spoke of the Africans, Arabs and Jews as "a trilogy of suffering peoples," and added: "We have a message of humanity to transmit to the world."

At four business sessions with the Prime Minister and her advisers, the Af-

signs of the blackout that has been imposed periodically since the Six-Day War. Last week, for the first time since 1967, the Egyptian football league resumed regular matches, and the neon sign atop the Nile-side Shepherd's Hotel flickered out over the water. The Egyptians had been moderately heartened by Senghor's call for "full implementation" of the 1967 United Nations Security Council resolution that called for Israeli withdrawal from occupied territories (so were the Israelis, since the resolution affirmed their "right to live in peace within secure and recognized boundaries"). Sadat escorted his visitors to the Nile Hilton, their motorcade making its way through a Cairo sandstorm, then settled in for three days of talks. The Egyptians were no more optimistic than the Israelis had been. "We have no illusions of a breakthrough resulting from all this," said an Egyptian editor.

Calendar Watching. Nonetheless, Sadat had good diplomatic reasons to welcome the Africans' intervention, if only to focus attention on the continued Israeli occupation of Egyptian territory. Last July Sadat proclaimed 1971 the "year of decision," and promised Egyptians that they would not have to bear the frustration of "no war and no peace" beyond the end of the year. Last week, with his self-imposed deadline fast approaching, Sadat announced that he was taking over personal command of the army. The Israelis doubt that he will do anything drastic, however, before the U.S. diplomatic initiative aimed at an interim agreement on reopening the Suez Canal runs its course. As Cairo wags put it last week, "This may be the year of decision, but Sadat has decreed that 1971 will last at least 18 months."

In effect, both sides are watching the calendar. One evident reason why Sadat proclaimed 1971 the year of decision is that 1972 is the year of a U.S. presidential election—a time when Washington's policy traditionally swings toward Israel. For the same reason, the Israeli government feels no sense of urgency about reaching an agreement on the Suez Canal this fall. Moreover, with the campaign approaching, the Israelis are trying to pry a fresh supply of Phantom jets out of Washington. Last week Mrs. Meir made it clear to U.S. Ambassador Walworth Barbour that unless Israel gets the planes, it will reject the latest American proposals calling for indirect negotiations between Arabs and Israelis in New York, with Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco acting as go-between. The Israeli case was given something of an assist by none other than the Soviets. Two Mach 3 MIG-23s—code-named "Foxbat" by NATO and manned only by Russian pilots—flew over the Israeli-held Sinai, to a depth of 60 miles. The Israelis scrambled to meet the intruders, but even their fastest plane, the Mach 2 Phantom, was not able to catch them.



AFRICAN LEADERS WELCOMED IN ISRAEL
A trilogy of suffering peoples.

Prime Minister Golda Meir gamely went through two elaborate welcoming ceremonies—the second one for Mobutu, who landed an hour after the other three in a DC-8 whose fuselage bore the freshly painted words *Air Zaïre* to denote that he had changed the name of his country from the Democratic Republic of the Congo to the Zaïre Republic a week earlier. The same name change compelled the Israeli Foreign Ministry to revise all its programs and invitations. All told, it was a trying time for the ministry; when it ordered 400 flags, 100 for each country, they were almost delivered late because the flag-maker's wife gave birth to Israel's first quintuplets. At Jerusalem's King David Hotel, where the Africans took over 82 rooms, flowers in the national colors of each state were sent to the presidential suites, and breakfasts were served at 3:30 a.m. for Ahidjo and other Moslems in the group because they were observing the holy month of Ramadan, which requires fasting during daylight. Mrs. Meir, for the first time in Israel's history, ordered the entire Cabinet to abandon its sports-shirt informality and

ricans probed the basic issues of the conflict. "Most of the countries of black Africa maintain friendly relations with Israel and the Arab states," said Senghor. "When you have friends who are fighting each other, it is incumbent upon you to build bridges between them and to pacify them. I believe that the Africans have a better chance to succeed in this than the Americans or the Russians."

Shepherd's Lights. The Africans tentatively proposed that the conflict could best be solved by a dialogue between the Arabs and Israelis under United Nations auspices. Before departing for similar meetings in Cairo, the Africans promised to keep their diplomatic initiative going with a return visit to Jerusalem this month. The Israelis were pessimistic about what the four wise men could accomplish. But, as a Foreign Ministry spokesman said, "Look what a Ping Pong match did in China."

In Cairo, the Africans found the streets gaily lit for Ramadan, and few

* From left: Nigeria's Gowon, Cameroun's Ahidjo, Senegal's Senghor, Israeli President Zalm Shazar and Prime Minister Meir.

When was the last time you turned an ordinary day into a holiday?



Remember how holidays used to be
when you were growing up?

Dinner in the dining room instead
of the kitchen.

The grownups sitting at the big table
you children at a makeshift table.

There was laughter, warmth,
and the making of a lot of memories.
You can re-create those times again.

Any time.

Call someone in the family and wish
them a happy today.

Long Distance is the next best thing to being there.



NORTHERN IRELAND

Shades of Guy Fawkes

Never had there been such extreme security measures to guard Queen Elizabeth in her own capital. Some 6,000 extra police stood duty in the center of London. Police launches and even frogmen guarded the Thames river approaches to Parliament. The building entrance was encircled by wire netting, and police made four separate searches through the underground tunnels in which, exactly 366 years ago, Guy Fawkes' plot to blow up Parliament had been discovered.

A bomb had gone off just two days earlier in the 39-story Post Office Tower, London's tallest building. The blast caused no injuries but sent glass and masonry crashing almost 500 feet to the street. A telephone caller claimed that the explosion had been set off by a London faction of the Irish Republican Army (I.R.A., leaders in Dublin denied responsibility) and that "the next one will be the Victoria Tower [of Parliament]."

Nothing came of the threat. Queen Elizabeth drove up to the House of Lords and opened the new session of Parliament by reading the Speech from the Throne. "My ministers are determined," she said, "that violence in Northern Ireland shall be brought to an end."

For the present, nothing seems likely to come of that either. Last week:

- Three terrorists, trying to blow up a police station in a Belfast suburb, planted bombs in an adjoining pub. "You have ten seconds to get out!" they shouted toward the bar, but that was not enough. The toll: three killed, 35 injured (13 of them women). The police station was virtually unscathed.

- In another Belfast suburb, terrorists waved customers out of a pharmacy and a grocery on either side of a police station and then set off a bomb that killed a police inspector.

- Terrorists machine-gunned two plainclothes detectives who were investigating a burglary in the Catholic district of Andersonstown. That brought the toll of slain police to six in 16 days, and the army retaliated by sealing off Andersonstown and searching every house. They arrested 28 suspects and seized 3,000 rounds of ammunition, eight guns and a cache of explosive chemicals.

- In a sweep through a Catholic section of Londonderry, troops came under fire from two snipers. During the exchange, a housewife was shot to death.

As the violence keeps spreading, there are repeated rumors, officially denied in London, that Prime Minister Edward Heath will soon impose direct rule from London on the embattled province. This would hardly change the realities in Belfast. "We're already so restricted," one Ulster official complained, "that we have almost to phone London for permission to flush the toilets." But direct rule would amount to a confession that efforts at political reform had not worked as effectively as had violence.



MALRAUX AT PRESS CONFERENCE AS CULTURE MINISTER, 1968

History's Witness: Malraux at 70

In the life of a man like him there is a time for nomadic adventure and a time for sedentary adventure, a time for the barricades and a time for the memoirs.

—Father Pierre Boeckel, as quoted in *Malraux* by Pierre Galante, 1971

FOR André Malraux, who turned 70 last week, it should indeed be a time for reminiscence. In 1967, the French literary giant and former Gaullist Minister brought out the first volume of his *Anti-mémoires*, and he is now deep into the second volume, which he has decided to have published after his death. He is also at work on a history of the World War II French Resistance, a movement in which Malraux won a hero's place by leading the liberation of Strasbourg as the Maquis' dashing "Colonel Berger."

But as the archetypal *homme engagé*, the intellectual man of action, Malraux is not yet fully ready to climb down from the barricades. Last month he announced that he was prepared to fight for Bangla Desh, the East Bengali independence movement spawned by the Pakistani civil war.

"The only intellectuals who have the right to defend the Bengalis in words," Malraux wrote to an Indian diplomat, "are those who are ready to fight for them." Was he ready? he was asked. "At the head of an infantry unit, certainly not!" he declared. "But leading a tank detachment, of course!" This week he will meet with India's Prime Minister, Indira Gandhi, when she visits Paris, to discuss what form his role may take.

Writing. Every morning Malraux tears up the previous day's page from his appointment calendar. "Why go back?" he says. "The torn page is no longer there." In the same manner, he abjures birthday celebrations, and there were none last week. Still, Malraux has reached a degree of eminence at

which there is universal agreement on his importance, if virtually none on his foremost achievement. Some believe that Malraux will be remembered largely for his writing. "A very great writer," says Pierre Vianson-Ponté, political editor of *Le Monde*. "With their backgrounds of the Far East, Spain and the French Resistance, Malraux's works are linked with life." In the political arena, Malraux receives fewer encomiums, least of all from the young. University students today read *Man's Fate*, Malraux's prizewinning novel, almost as eagerly as they do Sartre's *Nausea* and Camus' *The Stranger*. "But he simply isn't *actuel*, timely today," says Marc Bianciardi, a young French literature teacher. "Malraux was the front-rank leader of our dreams," explains Pierre Rousset, a leader in the May 1968 uprisings in Paris. "But alas! He chose De Gaulle, chose to side with the bourgeois state against the revolutionaries."

Poet Laureate. Malraux has always seemed to be where history was being made—revolutionary China, Spain during the Civil War, France during the Resistance. From novelist to reporter, revolutionary to Resistance fighter, adventurer to Cabinet Minister, he often seemed to be history's chosen witness. "There is no question," writes Pierre Galante in *Malraux*, his recent biography, "that of all Malraux's work, the most vivid, the most tragic, the richest adventure has been the story of his own life." A French journalist and editor of *Paris-Match*, Galante gleaned a wealth of new detail on the "intimate Malraux" from 30 interviews with the former Culture Minister. He relates, for example, that the sartorially elegant Malraux buys his blue serge and black wool-tweed suits at Lanvin and that he dines frequently at an exclusive Paris restaurant, Lasserre, on hearts of palm, grilled steak and an orange filled with sherbet.

Despite Malraux's early sympathy for



Taos

A WORLD OF ITS OWN

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gives every Imperial a road test,
I don't mean they just
drive it around the block.



They give it
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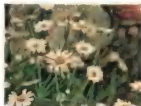
Ever seen the way Chrysler builds cars, they really care about their product. And when it comes to the Imperial, they don't stop with just building it. They run it through a road test that gives it over 100 different checks— from the windshield wipers to the transmission.

If it's not right, they don't want you to have it. That's nice to know when you spend that kind of money for a new car.



Look inside an Imperial. Examine some of the things they check during the road test. The way the seats work. The fit of the glove box door. The operation of the windows.

Then, feel the carpeting and the upholstery. Sit behind the wheel and look around you. I think the things you can see will tell you something about the way this car's put together.



If everybody would do as much as the automobile industry is doing to clean up our environment, we'd be well on the way to solving many of our problems.

Chrysler has already done a lot to cut down pollution.

And now they've developed a new electronic ignition system that does away with the points and condenser that can wear out. You can order it on every Chrysler.

It helps keep the engine tuned longer. And a tuned engine means a cleaner exhaust.



You're washing your car, you poke at a little spot and a chunk of rust falls off. Ever have that happen to you?

Well, the Chrysler people have been doing something to help keep that from happening. They dip their car bodies in special solutions to help prevent corrosion.



Coming through
with the
kind of car
America wants.

That's their slogan this year. And I think that's the kind of car they're building. One that lasts longer and works better than anything they've ever built before.

I drive an Imperial. What else? It's big and beautiful and plush and my snooty friends love to sit back in it.

But the important thing to me is the way Chrysler puts these cars together. They want this car to last. And I think that's the kind of car America wants.



militant Trotskyism, it was his relationship with Charles de Gaulle—a relationship that *Le Monde's* Vianasson-Ponté likens to that of "sovereign and poet laureate"—that gave lasting political direction to his career. The French President considered his handsome Culture Minister "my brilliant friend" and "incomparable witness." As Malraux saw it, De Gaulle gave the French a consciousness of their own greatness.

Both men shared an instinctive appreciation for the significant gesture. When De Gaulle died, his instructions for his funeral stipulated that "the men and women of France and of other countries of the world may, if they wish, do my memory the honor of accompanying my body to its last resting place."

Yet on that gray November day just a year ago when thousands of people lined the streets of the tiny village of Colombey-les-Deux-Églises to pay homage to the French President, soldiers prevented all but the official funeral procession from following the body to the cemetery. As Galante recounts it, an old peasant woman began to cry out: "He said everyone could be here! He said everyone!" Malraux stopped and took her by the arm. "Let her through," he said to one of the soldiers lining the road. "She speaks for France." The soldier stepped aside.

Love. One of the most charming anecdotes in Galante's book concerns Malraux's 1933 meeting with Louise de Vilmorin, an infectiously gay and witty writer. Over lunch one day, Malraux announced: "It is with you that I shall end my life." Despite that airy prediction, the two drifted apart after a brief affair, and they did not meet again until 1967. Malraux, then separated from his wife Madeleine, determined to keep his prophecy. He moved into the Vilmorin château at Verrières-le-Buisson, not far from Paris, beginning a period of almost carefree happiness. Then tragedy struck, as it had so many times in Malraux's life. The day after Christmas in 1969, Louise suddenly died of a heart attack. Malraux's despair was such, relates one of the Vilmorin family, that "every morning we wondered if we would find him alive."

But Malraux plunged deep into his writing. He continues to live with the Vilmorin family in the huge manor house and spends much of each day at his desk, working on his books. His name has frequently come up for the Nobel Prize in Literature, but when the 1971 award was announced last month he was passed over once again. Recently, *TIME* Correspondent Paul Ress paid a visit to Malraux at Verrières. "Malraux was a bit put out that his two cats both climbed onto the interviewer, ignoring him," reported Ress. "Otherwise he was in fine form, talkative and incisive on many subjects." Some of them:

ON MAO, WHOM HE VISITED IN PEKING IN 1965: "For Mao, only China counts. His first problem is to give every Chi-

nese enough to eat and, second, to create a sense of nationhood among 800 million Chinese. To understand Mao's attitude, you must know wherein his genius lies. Whereas Marx and Lenin placed their faith in the working class as the revolutionary force, Mao put his in the peasantry. But in the Cultural Revolution, Mao employed an unknown force, one never used before as such in a revolution: youth."

ON THE U.S.-CHINA RAPPROCHMENT: "Mao told me in August 1965 that only the richest country in the world [the U.S.] could come to the help of the poorest [China]. As for Taiwan, I think mainland China and Formosa agreed long ago that Taiwan would become part of Mao's China after the death of Chiang Kai-shek."

ON RUSSIAN-CHINESE DIFFERENCES: "Mao understands that the U.S. should believe in a consumer society because America is a capitalist country, but that Russia, the great socialist sister, should have the same values is incomprehensible to him and a betrayal of their common cause. If Kossygin succeeds in giving every Russian a small motorcycle, then that's the end of Mao's spartan Chinese Communism."

ON U.S. FOREIGN POLICY: "Historically speaking, there has never been an American foreign policy. Of course, the U.S. has lived moments of great historical importance, such as its entry into the last two world wars. What is lacking is a sense of destiny. A great country subordinates its domestic policy to its foreign policy. President Nixon maneuvers as if he were the President of Luxembourg."

ON WOMEN'S LIBERATION: "It's not revolutionary at all. However, it's very interesting, and a colossal reality. Naturally, women, like the working class, like all people deprived of rights, should be given them. The great error we would make is thinking that the problem is sexual."

SOUTH AFRICA

"I Won't Come Out Alive"

The judge took five hours to drone out his verdict, but it still had the impact of a thunderbolt. Women in the courtroom gasped and sobbed last week as the dean of Johannesburg's Anglican cathedral was sentenced to five years in prison under the catchall Terrorism Act for subversion against the South African government. As the pale, stocky defendant left Johannesburg's Old Synagogue, site of his three-month trial, blacks and whites outside began singing *Onward, Christian Soldiers*.

To the South African regime, Dean Gonville A. French-Beytagh (pronounced french-Beta) had indeed veered too close to Christian soldiering during his insistent campaign against *apartheid*. French-Beytagh freely admitted distributing \$70,000 to political prisoners and their families but denied the money had come from the outlawed Defense

and Aid Fund of London. The more complicated charges dealt with his political statements.

The government's star witness was Kenneth Jordaan, one of the dean's altar servers and confidants. Jordaan said that French-Beytagh had egged him into joining the security police to keep tabs on government tactics. The prosecution maintained that the dean had incited Jordaan to violence and had told the Black Sash, a liberal women's group, that bloody revolution is justified under certain circumstances. Taking the stand in his own defense, French-Beytagh said that, far from advocating violence, he had warned that the present racial system would result in violence if it were

MICHAEL JORDAN



DEAN FRENCH-BEYTAGH

Too close to Christian soldiering.

not changed. *Apartheid*, he insisted, is "heresy—and damnable heresy."

The verdict was plainly intended as a warning to leaders of South Africa's non-Dutch churches, who constitute a significant anti-*apartheid* force even though their laymen often favor the regime's policy. As the churches have stepped up their agitation, the regime has retaliated with sweeping raids on church offices and expulsion of 40 clergymen. Since French-Beytagh's conviction hinged, in the words of one South African paper, "on what he had said rather than what he had done," the clergy fear they will be even more circumscribed.

French-Beytagh, a Shanghai-born former hobo and odd jobber with a long-time reputation as a "fighting parson" in Rhodesia and South Africa, is free on \$14,000 bail pending an appeal. Because, at 59, he is suffering from a weak heart and hypertension, he figures that if the appeal fails, "I won't come out alive, you know." Thus he is using his time to say farewell to friends.

PEOPLE

It turns out that Astronaut **Buzz Aldrin**, one of the first two men on the moon, not only helped make that giant step for mankind, but made one for Christianity as well. In London, Dr. Thomas Paine, former chief of NASA, disclosed that during radio blackout Aldrin opened two little plastic packages, one containing bread, the other wine. "I poured the wine into the chalice which our church [Webster Presbyterian Church] had given me," Aldrin radioed later to Houston. "In the one-sixth gravity of the moon, the wine curled slowly and gracefully up the side of the cup. It was interesting to think that the very first liquid ever poured on the moon and the first food eaten there were Communion elements. Just before I partook of the elements, I read the words which I had chosen to indicate our trust: *John 15: 5*, 'I am the vine, you are the branches. He who abides in me, and I in him, he it is that bears much fruit.'"

Royalty, like well-mannered children, should be seen and not heard. That is why naughty **Prince Bernhard** of the Netherlands was scolded and put in a corner last week by Dutch Prime Minister **Barend Biesheuvel**. The prince had sounded off in a newspaper interview about the country's system of parliamentary democracy; the Cabinet, he suggested, should be immune to parliamentary interference for periods of one or two years at a stretch. Said Bernhard: "The government could then really get down to some work without having to spend half its time answering questions in Parliament." The predictable uproar that resulted finally died down when Prime Minister Biesheuvel assured Parliament that he had told Bernhard in no uncertain terms to button his royal lip.

Food was running low that winter in the Klondike, and the jumpy little hero of the 1925 hit, *The Gold Rush*, was reduced to dining on boiled shoe. In London to work on the music for some of his old movies that he is re-releasing,

Charlie Chaplin—82, and no longer as jumpy and little as he used to be—tried to look as if he were getting a real boot out of a publicity reprise of one of his more famous scenes.

The war between Lieut. Colonel **Anthony B. Herbert** and the U.S. Army (TIME, March 22) continues at a level of light skirmishing and enflaming fire. After repeated requests for permission to make a second appearance on the *Dick Cavett Show*, Combat Hero Herbert finally got an O.K. from his commanding officer, Colonel Tom Reid, five minutes before the taping was scheduled to begin eleven miles away. Cavett instead reran the earlier program, in which the Korean War's most decorated hero told of his demotion and disgrace when he reported instances of war crimes in Viet Nam. Early next morning, Herbert was summoned to Colonel Reid's office. "Informed sources" report the following exchange on the subject of Lieut. Colonel Herbert's saluting style:

Reid: Close your fingers.

Herbert: I think they are closed, sir.

Reid: Tilt your hand.

Herbert: I think it is tilted, sir.

Reid: Tilt your fingers in so you can see them.

Herbert: Like this, sir?

Reid: You slurred the word sir. Say it sharp.

Paying off a World Series bet, Maryland Republican Senators **Charles Mathias** and **J. Glenn Beall Jr.**—Baltimore Oriole fans to the end—dutifully led two elephants around to the front of the Capitol. Riding the pachyderms and still gloating over the triumph of the Pittsburgh Pirates were Pennsylvania Republican Senators **Hugh Scott** and **Richard Schweiker**. Later, Senator Scott met the visiting King and Queen of Sikkim and told them about his lofty ride. "Didn't you use a ladder to mount?" asked the Queen, onetime Manhattan Debutante **Hope Cooke**. "In Sikkim, we always use a ladder," said Scott: "We like to rough it in our country."



SELF-ADVERTISER ST. LAURENT
Flagrantly fragrant.

Dressing women has long been the bag of Couturier **Yves St. Laurent**. Nobody knows better than he the way to a lady's checkbook. The way to a man's, though, seems to have been too much of a problem for the flame-haired designer. To plug his new line of male fragrances, St. Laurent simply took all his clothes off and collapsed in a full-page advertising spread in the French edition of *Vogue*. The Paris Couturiers' Association unofficially declared itself "astounded." *Vogue* admitted it was "a little surprised." Said Yves, "I wanted shock. But you'll notice I have a halo to give a biblical look."

Since it is the world's largest corporation, there are probably more alcoholics at General Motors than at any other company. Board Chairman **James M. Roche** has announced that G.M. will try to find them, then fire them if they refuse the free treatment provided by the company's medical-insurance program. Those successfully treated will be kept on—business conditions permitting—"the same as if they were out for a heart attack." U.S. industry loses \$8 billion to \$10 billion a year because of alcoholism, said Roche, and "ignoring the alcoholic until it is too late is not only a waste of human abilities and industrial funds, it is, in the long run, an inhumanity to the individuals involved."

While talking to black Congresswoman **Shirley Chisholm** about her candidacy for the White House, New York Representative **Edward I. Koch** put his tongue firmly in his cheek and asked her if she would consider him as a running mate. "No, Ed," muskied Mrs. Chisholm. "I don't think the country is ready for a Jewish Vice President."

CHAPLIN & BOOT (1971)



"THE GOLD RUSH" (1925)





Eastern
Airlines
flies to 107 cities,
7 islands,
6 countries
and now,
1 Magic
Kingdom.





Dorothy followed the yellow brick road. Alice got there through the Looking Glass. And now, you have a way to a land of magic.

At Walt Disney World near Orlando in Florida, there really is a Magic Kingdom. And because Eastern is The Airline of Walt Disney World, we'll fly you there. The way we fly families to all magical places.



What will you see when you reach the Magic Kingdom? You won't believe your eyes.

Time has stood still. It's so early in the century on Main Street, America, you travel on trolleys and see the current attractions at the local silent movie house.



Yet, tomorrow is here, too. Mono-rails shoot through giant hotels and over the kingdom as quietly as arrows.

And drummers in gold braid march in the streets. Parades, colored balloons, every day in the kingdom is the Fourth of July.

But even in a land so full of magic, you're only human. You need to eat. How would you like dinner in King Stefan's Banquet Hall? Cross over the moat and into the castle that towers above the whole Magic Kingdom.



We warn you, however, about the big stone house up on the hill. (People swear that it's haunted.) There are ferocious beasts, too, in the jungle nearby. (Even in the best possible worlds, danger exists.)

Now who do you suppose lives in the kingdom? Some old friends of yours. The Seven Dwarfs live in the kingdom. The Mad Hatter, too. (Crazy as ever.) You'll meet good old Mickey Mouse again. Brer Bear hangs around. Even evil Captain Hook. And remember when you see him: never smile at a crocodile.



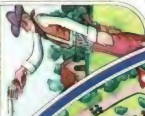
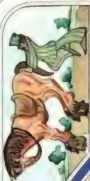
At Walt Disney World, there isn't just a kingdom. A bit of paradise surrounds it. There are fields and green grass, sandy beaches and clear lakes, places to play golf, horse and bike trails and fantasy hotels you can actually stay at. (For a week or a weekend, you can live next door to Mickey Mouse and the gang.)

Walt Disney World is as big as a city. But it's not like the world outside. You get the feeling that nothing bad could ever happen here.





EASTERN
PRESENTS





Attractions

Main Street

- S8 Town Square
- M6 Town Hall
- U8 Railroad Station
- 17 Pennine Avenue
- 16 Crystal Palace

Liberty Square

- C-4 Haunted Mansion
- F-6 Hall of Presidents
- G-8 Dumbo's Carousel

Frontierland

- G-4 Country Bear Lumber
- E-4 Mike Fink's Acclimatization

Adventureland

- 13 Jungle Cruise
- H-3 Swiss Family Treehouse

Fantasyland

- F-8 Cinderella Castle
- D-7 Mickey Mouse Revue
- B-10 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea
- B-6 It's a Small World

Tomorrowland

- 10-4 The Skyway Ride
- 10-1 CircleVision Theatre
- G-11 Flight to the Moon

Activities

- L-15 Swimming
- A-1 Tennis
- S-2 Water Skiing
- N-14 Picnicking
- A-14 Horseback Riding
- N-14 Hiking Trails
- P-14 Boating and Sailing
- L-1 Golfing

Places

- P-2 Transportation Center
- P-10 Monorail
- 10-5 Sun Lake
- P-8 Seven Seas Lagoon
- P-14 Contemporary Resort Hotel
- C-15 Fort Wilderness
- P-2 Polynesian Village Hotel
- L-1 Golf Courses

Save this map, so you won't feel like a stranger in paradise.

Now to the real world: how much will it cost?



ou want to go, your kids want to go. Can you afford to go? As The Airline of Walt Disney World, we, too, can work a little magic for you and your family.

For example, a package that only Eastern could put together includes hotel accommodations right in Walt Disney World. 3 days, 2 nights at an on-site hotel, unlimited use of monorails and motor trams, admissions to the Magic Kingdom and its attractions, \$18 in coupons for golf, boating, horseback riding and other activities,

a free guide for your first day, even a baby sitter you don't have to pay for.

Excluding air fare, the whole thing is \$56.35 each adult (double room), \$24.85 for young people 12-17* and \$23.35 for kids under 12*.

Or, for a special family vacation this winter, you can have our Fly-Drive vacation, put together by Eastern and Hertz. It includes 3 days/2 nights at a motel not far from Walt Disney World and a Hertz Sub-Compact with free mileage. Also Eastern's ticket and admission booklet worth over \$20.

Excluding airfare, the whole thing is only \$44.75 European Plan for each adult (double room.) \$30 for young people 12-17* and kids under 12* stay free.

As for getting there, we offer more flights to Florida from more of our cities than any other airline. And special baggage handling that sends your luggage non-stop to your hotel room at Walt Disney World. There'll also be low weekend fares this fall and this winter and special combination fares that let you stop at Walt Disney World on your way to or from Miami and the Caribbean.

You're not stranded either when you get to this world. You need your return flight changed? Got any questions? Drop by the Contemporary Resort-Hotel. There's a Walt Disney World Travel Desk to help you there. All this only we can do because we work so closely with the people of Disney. It's what makes us the Airline of Walt Disney World. Now to reach the Magic Kingdom, just pick up your phone and call us or your travel agent.

*SHARING ROOMS WITH ADULTS



EASTERN
The Wings of Man

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The Gifted Refugees

History's greatest brain drain occurred during the 1930s, when thousands of intellectuals fled Nazi Germany and took refuge in other countries. What Germany lost and other nations gained was re-emphasized last week when the latest Nobel prizes in science went to two refugees from Hitler: Dennis Gabor, who won the 1971 prize in physics for his invention of holography, and Gerhard Herzberg, who earned the laurels in chemistry for his pioneering work in molecular spectroscopy.

Gabor got the idea that led to his prize one day in 1947 while he was waiting his turn at a tennis court in Rugby, England. Out of a sudden flash of insight, he created a system of lensless, three-dimensional photography that became known as holography (from the Greek words for "whole" and "writing").

Optical Mismatch. Gabor's technique was elegantly simple. He filtered out all but the green light emitted by a powerful mercury arc lamp, producing a beam of light waves of a single fre-

quency (ordinary sunlight is composed of many different frequencies). Then he aimed the beam at an object placed in front of a photographic plate. The unobstructed part of the light beam hit the plate directly. Light waves reflected from the object's irregular surface also reached the photographic plate. But because they had bounced off different parts of the object, they arrived at the plate out of phase in varying degrees with the original unreflected beam—that is, the crests and troughs of the reflected light waves no longer matched up with those of the unobstructed light.

If the crests of some of the mismatched waves happened to coincide, the waves strengthened one another and produced a bright spot on the film. But if the crests of one wave lined up with the troughs of another, the waves tended to cancel each other out and barely registered on the film. The result was a hologram, a pattern of light and dark spots that while formless to the eye, encoded all the characteristics of the object. When Gabor shined the same single-frequency light through the film, the result was a three-dimensional image of the object.

Practical Reality. Gabor's holograms were crude because his beam of filtered green light was not intense enough to produce a clear image. But in 1963, after the invention of the laser made available powerful single-frequency light waves that were precisely in phase, University of Michigan Physicists Emmett Leith and Juris J. Upatnieks made Gabor's holography a practical reality. Already used in displays, material testing, medical diagnosis and computer memory banks, holography has potential for 3-D movies and, some day, for television.

While Herzberg's work is not used in such everyday applications, it is extremely important scientifically. By studying the distinctive characteristics of the electromagnetic radiation that molecules emit or absorb, Herzberg has been able to describe their structure, geometry and energy levels with extraordinary precision. In fact, his spectroscopic "fingerprinting" is so accurate that it has been used to identify free-floating molecules in distant space. More recently, Herzberg, a scientist working for Canada's National Research Council, has conducted important investigations into so-called "free radicals"—short-lived molecular fragments whose activities are crucial to many chemical reactions, including those of life itself.

Racing Toward Mars

For more than five months, the three unmanned spacecraft have been racing almost neck and neck through the cold blackness of the interplanetary void. Now, as the target looms ever larger ahead of the ships, there is a growing air of anticipation in control rooms back on earth. For the three robot voy-



MARINER CONTROL CENTER IN PASADENA
Also a hot line to Moscow.

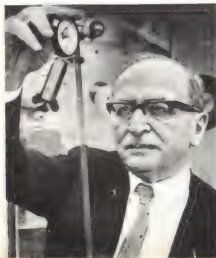
agers—one American, two Russian—should this week begin giving man his closest and most penetrating look yet at the planet Mars.

At 7:16 p.m., E.S.T., on Saturday, Nov. 13, the U.S. entry in the Martian sweepstakes—a 1,300-lb. windmill-shaped instrument package called Mariner 9—will begin a series of crucial maneuvers. Acting on preprogrammed commands sent from the huge, 210-ft. Goldstone tracking antenna in California's Mojave Desert, Mariner's on-board computer will ignite the spacecraft's small liquid-fuel engine for a precise 15-minute "burn," reducing the ship's velocity from about 11,000 m.p.h. to just over 8,000 m.p.h. As it slows down, Mariner will be captured by Martian gravity, thereby becoming the first man-made object to go into orbit around another planet. The three previous U.S. Mars missions were designed to make their observations during the brief time that they were passing close to the planet on the way into perpetual orbit around the sun.

Strange Wave. After it is captured, Mariner will be sent into a huge loop-sided orbit tilted at an angle of about 65° to the Martian equator. Making a full circuit every twelve hours, the spacecraft will come as close as 750 miles to the Martian surface, then soar out to a distance of some 10,500 miles. During its expected three-month working life—longer if the power supply holds out—Mariner will radio back more than 5,000 television pictures, mapping at least 70% of the planetary surface. In addition, its two cameras will take the first relatively closeup pictures of the two little Martian moons, Deimos and Phobos. But photography will only be part of the mission's objective, the



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eh what?"



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Mine's so delightful,
I think I just
saw the olive
smile at me!"



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most sophisticated in the history of planetary exploration.

Packed with ultraviolet and infrared sensors, Mariner will also keep a continual watch on the Martian surface and atmosphere. Thus, for the first time, scientists will be able to observe on a day-to-day basis the mysterious changes that occur on the Red Planet, including the strange seasonal wave of darkening that was once regarded by astronomers as a sign of earthlike vegetation. Equally important, more may be learned about the Martian physical features discovered by earlier Mariners: moonlike craters, the virtual lack of a magnetic field and the extremely low atmospheric pressure (only one one-hundred-fiftieth that of the earth's). Finally, although many scientists are becoming increasingly pessimistic about the prospect of finding life on Mars, Mariner will look for telltale evidence (water vapor, temperature) that the planet could possibly support rudimentary biological activity.

Soviet Reticence. In contrast to NASA, Soviet space officials have been far less talkative about their two unmanned probes, Mars 2 and 3. But some U.S. observers have concluded from the size of the spacecraft—which weighed about 8,000 lbs. more at lift-off than their American counterpart—that the Russians may be attempting an actual touchdown on the Martian surface, perhaps landing an automated Mars rover similar to their highly successful Lunokhod 1, which roamed the moon for ten months. (The first U.S. Mars landing mission will not be launched until 1975.)

Despite their reticence about their goals, the Soviets have cooperated with the U.S. in establishing a "hot line" between Mariner's mission controllers at Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena and Moscow, where the Russian Mars program is directed by the Soviet Academy of Sciences. Thus if the American spacecraft or either of the Russian probes radios back some particularly intriguing observation, the information could be quickly exchanged by Teletype, giving both nations an opportunity to study the same phenomenon.

The Soviets and the U.S. are already fully aware of one dramatic Martian occurrence. Since the end of September, astronomers have observed a dust storm on the planet. Spreading at the rate of 20 or 30 m.p.h., the yellowish cloud now obscures much of the planet's surface and is one of the most severe blowups ever witnessed through terrestrial telescopes. Some scientists are delighted with this rare chance of witnessing close up one of Mars' puzzling storms, which seem to occur when the planet moves closest to the sun and the Martian surface heats up. Others are equally concerned that the dust may obscure the view through Mariner's twin cameras. Says Project Scientist Robert H. Steinbacher: "The mappers are just sick, while those people looking at dynamic changes on the planet are hoping the storm lasts long enough for them to study it."



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No more. Now if you want luxury, there's a new mid-sized Pontiac that should fit you perfectly.

It's called Luxury LeMans. And it beautifully illustrates why luxury doesn't have to be measured by the running foot.

On the outside, Luxury LeMans offers uncommon mid-sized luxury, via a distinctive new

grille, deluxe wheel covers, rear-wheel fender skirts and the liberal (but not heavy-handed) addition of bright metal trim.

The interior further proves that full-sized cars don't have an exclusive on luxury. There's plush carpet. Yards of it, even clear up the lower door panels.

There's an instrument panel with the look of rare Ceylonese teak. A squeezable steering wheel that fits your hands as if it were cast for them. And more soundproofing throughout to help



More than you need. 1972 Luxury Le Mans by Pontiac.

make our new Luxury LeMans the quietest mid-sized Pontiac ever.

Yet with all this, we think the best example of Luxury LeMans' elegance is the seating. Inches of soft foam padding. Rich fabrics. And vinyls so soft they warrant a tanner's hallmark. Quite frankly, you'd be hard put to find comparable seating in some limousines.

Now, we want you to enjoy all this luxury. So Luxury LeMans—like other 1972 Pontiacs—includes a long list of safety features. Padded

instrument panel, energy-absorbing steering column, front-seat head restraints, Side-guard steel door beams and many more.

So, look. If you're thinking of a luxury car this year (and want one that's easy to park and economical to operate), slip into the new '72 Luxury LeMans.

You'll discover it at your Pontiac dealer's now.

Buckle up for safety.



That's what keeps Pontiac a cut above.

Seagram's V.O. For people who really know how to live.

They seem to do everything. And they do it right. Even when it comes to having a drink. It has to be Seagram's V.O. Very special. Very Canadian. Very right. Known by the company it keeps.

Seagram's *Vo* Canadian



CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES, 100 YEARS OLD, 40 & 50 PROOF, SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.

THE THEATER

Gobs and Gals Revisited

Shaw called the theater "a cathedral of the spirit," but no temple would be complete without its money-changers. Some altars seem to be rented out to hustlers of the quick buck. Their business instincts, however, are far from infallible; they frequently seem to mistake an anachronism for a trend. A year ago, *No, No, Nanette* opened with a box office bang, and the producing fraternity promptly decided that nostalgia was the hottest ticket around. This accounts for the fact that 1944's *On The Town* is the newest Broadway entry.

Unfortunately, the revival is a dud. To break the news gently to those around 50: the show is unlikely to remind you



NEWMAN & RAMSAY IN "ON THE TOWN"
When Lucky Strike Green went to war.

of the heady days when the nation sent Lucky Strike Green to war. It will prove to you how bald, paunchy and pooped a show can get in 27 years.

To begin with, this musical about gobs on an amorous shore leave never ranked as more than a passing diversion. The book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green bear the same resemblance to a great musical comedy that Levittown does to the Taj Mahal. Ron Field, director and coproducer, has enlarged the definition of chutzpah by choreographing the Jerome Robbins dance numbers. Leonard Bernstein's music holds up best, and its peppy dissonances and romantic melodic line serve to season the overall inanity. Key Performers Bernadette Peters, Phyllis Newman, Donna McKechnie, Ron Husmann, Jess Richards and Remak Ramsay enact their roles with desperate valiance. So did the ship's band that played *Nearer My God to Thee* on the maiden voyage of the *Titanic*.

■ T.E. Kalem



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SPORT

The Big Red Machine

In its latest weekly review of college football, the N.C.A.A. newsletter sums up the season so far by asking: "Will any major-college rushing record survive the thundering feet of 1971's remarkable runners?" It does not seem likely.

Two weeks ago, Oklahoma's ground troops, led by Halfback Greg Pruitt, who is averaging an all but unbelievable 11 yds. a carry, rode through Kansas State for 711 yds. to shatter a 23-year-old record. The following Saturday, Michigan State's fleet Eric Allen broke away for four long touchdown runs against Purdue to set an individual single-game rushing record of 350 yds. It was the 22nd time this season that a major-college back has run for 200 or more yds. in a game; by comparison, in seasons past such celebrated runners as S.M.U.'s Donak Walker and Syracuse's Jim Brown never once topped the 200-yd. mark.

Significant Gain. For sheer grind-it-out glory, though, the Year of the Runner belongs to Cornell's Ed Marinaro. Though he ran for more than 200 yds. in three of the season's first five games, the brawny (6 ft. 2½ in., 214 lbs.) tailback made his most significant gain against Columbia in the Big Red's sixth game. It was a routine 3-yd. plunge in the first quarter, but it bettered by 2 yds. the career rushing record of 3,867 yds. set by 1969 Heisman Trophy Winner Steve Owens at Oklahoma. Two quarters and 132 yds. later, the Big Red's machine became the first ball carrier in major-college history to top 4,000 yds. Then, with the score tied 21-21 and the ball on Cornell's 32-yd. line, Marinaro chewed out 44 more yds. on nine straight runs to set up a field-goal attempt by Place Kicker John Killiam. Killiam's 17-yd. boot gave unbeaten Cornell a 24-21 victory and capped a remarkable 272-yd. performance by Marinaro.

Last week the nation's leading ground gainer continued apace, rushing for 176 yds. in Cornell's 21-7 win over Brown. That gave him a season average of 211 yds. a game and an odds-on chance to break the record of 174 yds. set by San Francisco's Ollie Matson 20 seasons ago.

Triple-Threat Attack. If Marinaro were piling up his yardage in the Big Ten, he would be a shoo-in for this year's Heisman Trophy. As it is, the patsy image of the Ivy League makes him at best only a slight favorite to take the trophy. Though no Ivy Leaguer has won the Heisman since Princeton's Dick Kazmarian copped the honor in 1951, Yale's Calvin Hill lent the league some luster when he joined the Dallas Cowboys three years ago and ran off with the N.F.L.'s Rookie of the Year award. Surveying Marinaro's statistics, one pro scout says: "You can knock the Ivies, but that is a lot of yards even in dummy scrimmage."

Those yards often come the hard way. This season Marinaro has been hit-

ting the line at a withering clip of 39 times a game. Asked why the other Cornell backs don't run the ball more often, Backfield Coach Carmen Piccone says: "Why use a cup pistol when you've got a cannon?" Head Coach Jack Musick agrees. When Marinaro first came to Cornell from New Milford, N.J., Musick revamped his offense into a Power I formation to take advantage of the muscular tailback's bulging power and long, tackle-busting strides. Lining up directly behind Quarterback Mark Allen and Blocking Back Bob Joeli, he is the key to what amounts to a triple-threat attack: Marinaro into the middle, Marinaro off tackle and Marinaro around



MARINARO BLASTING THROUGH
Twelve yards and a cloud of dust.

end. "Our offense is nothing but that old 3 yds. and a cloud of dust," says Piccone. "But with Ed running the ball, it becomes 5, 6, even 12 yds. and a cloud of dust."

Marinaro, who lifts weights before each game to "get my blood going," needs all the muscle he can muster. Running behind the lightest offensive line (average weight: 209 lbs.) in the league, he is the constant target of blitzing linebackers and stacked nine-man defenses. "Ed is a marked man," says Musick. "He gets more late hits and piling-ons than anyone I've ever seen." It may be true that some Ivy League defensemen couldn't raise a welt on a waterboy, but the pro scouts are flocking to Cornell games, and Marinaro is virtually certain to be a first-round draft pick. Marinaro says he "won't be disappointed if I don't win the Heisman. I feel I'm the best now, but all I can do is put all those yardage figures in front of the men who vote." If yards were bullets, Marinaro would win by a mile.

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working in a lesser job. At night, to earn extra money, he worked as an attendant in a Texaco service station.

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Who are you saving the Old Taylor for?



Aren't your good friends worth your best Bourbon?

MILESTONES

Married. Peter Lawford, 48, sidelined screen sophisticate and former husband of J.F.K.'s little sister Pat; and Mary Rowan, 22, daughter of *Laugh-In* Straight Man Dan Rowan; he for the second time, she for the first: in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. "I'd rather see her marry a man closer to her own age than mine," admitted Daddy. "But they are in love."

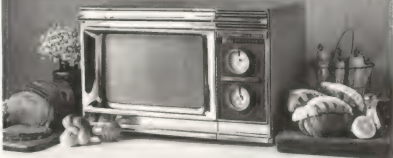
Died. Richard L. Evans, 65, for 41 years the nonsinging voice of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir's *Music and the Spoken Word*, longest-running program on network radio; of encephalitis; in Salt Lake City. The show was not considered a proselytizing effort, and Evans' low-key sermonettes stuck to ethics, rather than religious doctrine. As a result, many of the show's faithful listeners did not realize that Evans was a Mormon; they considered themselves followers of "Richard Evans' church."

Died. Ann Pennington, 77, dimple-kneed darling of George White's *Scandals* and popularizer of the Black Bottom dance craze in the '20s; of a brain tumor; in Manhattan. "Tiny" Pennington—she stood 4 ft. 11½ in. in heels and weighed just over 100 lbs.—started out in Florenz Ziegfeld's *Follies*, where White was her dancing partner in 1915. When White went on his own four years later, he took Tiny with him. She soon shimmied her way to \$1,000-a-week stardom in films and on the stage. Her career faded after the flapper era, and she spent her last years alone in a hotel off the Great White Way.

Died. Spessard L. Holland, 79, former Democratic Senator from Florida; in Bartow, Fla. After service as a state legislator and Governor, Holland went to the Senate in 1946. He was a member in good standing of Congress's Southern bloc until his retirement in 1970, but his constitutional amendment outlawing the poll tax in federal elections, ratified in 1964, was a victory for the civil rights movement.

Died. A. Willis Robertson, 84, U.S. Senator from Virginia from 1947 to 1967 and chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee; in Lexington, Va. Robertson was born the same year and in the same town (Martinsburg, W. Va.) as the late Harry Byrd Sr., and both conservative Democrats entered the Virginia state senate at the same time in 1916. Byrd went on to construct a powerful statewide political organization that made him one of the Senate's most influential Southerners. Robertson built a reputation as an economic conservative, advocating drastic budget cuts to forestall Government-fueled inflation. His defeat by William Spong in the 1966 Democratic primary was largely a result of the Byrd machine's deterioration.

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The First Bohemian

"I heard a zealot of our profession say that the appearance of this man meant a foreboding of ruin and an end to painting," complained Vincenzo Carducho, a Spanish connoisseur. "Did anyone ever paint, and with as much success, as this monster of genius and talent, almost without rules, without theory, without learning or meditation, simply by the power of his genius and the



CARAVAGGIO

Out of the dark, a new light.

model in front of him which he copied so admirably?" The cause of alarm was an Italian painter named Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio who, in the course of a short, fiery and often pitiable career, changed the face of 17th-century European art. That achievement is the subject of a loan show at the Cleveland Museum, "Caravaggio and his Followers," organized by Art Historian Richard E. Spear.

Knives and Artichokes. No Italian painter less resembled the Renaissance ideal of the gentleman genius than Caravaggio. His luck was as foul as his temper. He was in some ways the first bohemian artist, and he thrashed about in the dogma-bound and ceremonious society of Counter-Reformation Rome like a beast in a net. In 1604 Caravaggio was haled into court for assaulting a Roman waiter who had brought him a dish of artichokes, six cooked in oil and six in butter. Caravaggio asked which were which. "Taste them," retorted the waiter, "and you will see." Caravaggio jumped to his feet, laid the man's cheek open with the edge of the dish and tried to skewer him with his rapier. Defamation, rent arrears, carrying an unlicensed sword—the lawsuits piled up until in 1606 Caravaggio murdered a man by knifing him in the groin over a game of tennis and was banished from Rome. There ensued four bizarre years of flight and intermittent patron-

age, as Caravaggio blundered in and out of scrapes in Naples, Malta and Sicily, executing masterpieces on the run. In 1610 he died of malaria in the fishing village of Porto Ercole, while trying to sneak back into Rome. He was 36 years old. His public career, with all its ruinous vicissitudes, had lasted less than 20 years. But he had produced some of the most influential paintings in Europe.

Against Vacuity. Caravaggio looks curiously modern as an artist, though he died 33 centuries ago. His work became a line of cleavage between the "modernists" and conservatives of Rome. For in the 1590s, when Caravaggio first settled there, Roman art had descended into glassy, learned vacuity. Painters were still traumatized by the memory of Michelangelo, a figure of such bulk that there seemed no way past him; at the same time, the



TERBRUGGEN'S "SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST"

Counter Reformation demanded an elevated, moralized tone from its artists. The result had nothing to offer Caravaggio—who was not, in any case, a particularly educated man and was impatient with the intellectual offerings of the Papal court. He was, as one might expect from his life, a man to whom sensation was the main issue. "There is no question," wrote one of his 17th-century admirers, "that Caravaggio advanced the art of painting because he came upon the scene at a time when realism was not much in fashion and when figures were made according to convention and satisfied more the taste for gracefulness than for truth."

To capture that "truth," Caravaggio

painted directly from the subject, like Courbet 250 years later (there are no known drawings by Caravaggio). The sense of physical presence in his early work is so strong that a painting like *The Ecstasy of Saint Francis*, circa 1594, with its swooning saint and plump, comforting angel, is almost a homosexual version of the entranced flesh that Bernini was later to carve in his *Ecstasy of Saint Teresa*. Caravaggio's angels and Bacchuses habitually looked as if they had been picked up in a Trastevere wineshop, which, no doubt, they were. *Saint Catherine of Alexandria*, circa 1597, is surrounded by the attributes of her martyrdom, the spiked wheel and sword; her sainthood is conventional, but what the painting seems to be about is her firm, composed human presence. It is a secular portrait.

Floodlit Muscles. This preference of the real over the ideal alarmed some of Caravaggio's contemporaries, but what troubled them most was his chief pictorial invention—the dramatic light and darkness that flooded his canvases. The eye cannot travel back into the gloom; it stops; instead, the muscular, straining limbs and backs that Caravaggio delighted in painting burst bright from the picture surface. Form is almost literally shoved in the viewer's face. *David with Head of Goliath*, a painting of 1600 (which may, in the view of experts, be the work of a very close imitator), shows how this drama worked. The light pours over the forms of the young hero's body like a photoflash, stopping the action at its climax. Every lit shape has its rim of darkness, isolating it in deep relief. Caravaggio's best late paintings (none of which could be lent to Cleveland) rely absolutely on this tension between commonplace detail and sublime staging. Caught between the transfiguring light and the gnawing darkness, his figures acquired a mysterious, haunting irrationality. Sometimes the flow of light actually contradicts the muscles and skin that Caravaggio studied with such care. The final effect is not, for this reason, "realist" at all, but the impact remains. It is the violent blackness of *Maebeth*.

Caravaggio's sense of theater furnished a host of imitators with a fresh vocabulary. The *Caravaggisti* were not a closely knit group or even a specially gifted one—though they included some painters of undeniable power, like Orazio Gentileschi. They assiduously imitated Caravaggio's chiaroscuro. The manner spread to France and The Netherlands. Georges de La Tour's candlelit night pieces, for instance, sprang from it, and Hendrick Terbrugghen used it with distinction. But his influence stimulated no great painters in Rome, for, by then, there were none left to stimulate. The grand vindication came later, when Rembrandt took Caravaggio's worn flesh and epiphanies of light and gave them the humanist resonance which Caravaggio himself died too young to attain.

• Robert Hughes



"David with Head of Goliath"



"Saint Catherine of Alexandria"

"The Ecstasy of Saint Francis"



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BLACK CHILDREN ON CHARLOTTE, N.C., SCHOOL BUS

BLACK CHILDREN ON CHARLOTTE, N.C., SCHOOL BUS

The Agony of Busing Moves North

"We're fighting for our civil rights now!"

—Antibusing sign in Pontiac, Mich.

TO millions of white Americans, there is a new "yellow peril" on the nation's streets and highways this fall. It consists of caravans of that familiar homey vehicle, the yellow school bus. This year, however, the school bus has become a symbol of one of the most controversial developments in American life: the forced transportation of children away from neighborhood schools to distant classrooms, in obedience to court-ordered desegregation plans.

Until recently, judicial rulings that schools must integrate were largely limited to the South, where Jim Crow laws long made segregation of the races in education a reality of life. Now some courts are declaring that segregation in the North must be dismantled as thoroughly as it was in the South, at least where school boards have contributed to keeping classes segregated. The forced busing produced by this stand has caused an explosive outburst of anger and hatred that has vast implications for the future of domestic politics, the public schools and U.S. education itself.

Corrosive Problems

In a way, the school bus is a strangely chosen symbolic target, since without it many American children, particularly in rural areas, might have no access to formal education at all. Nearly 40% of the nation's elementary-school children are bused to class for reasons that have nothing to do with desegregation. Yet millions of white parents are panicked by the thought of using those buses to increase the proportion of blacks in their children's schools.

Some of the protests are clearly motivated by racism and unreason. Other objections, though, stem from parents' not unfounded fears that the buses will bring the corrosive problems of the ghettos

to "their" schools, or take their children into the midst of the ghettos' often violent, crime-ridden culture. White parents fear that their children will be exposed to what blacks have learned to hate—the rapes, rip-offs, robberies and dope addiction that have turned all too many inner-city schools into blackboard jungles where learning is less important than learning how to survive. Beyond that, whites who have moved to a suburb for the sake of its school system resent the fact that courts they have never seen and judges they did not elect are telling them that their children cannot use those schools.

"I don't see any reason why they've got a right to come in here and tell me my kids can't use the school I bought and paid for," says Mrs. Mary Jane Marozzi of Madison Heights, Mich., a Detroit suburb. She and her family will move if busing is brought to their community. "My kids may be riding a bus," she says, "but it won't be to Detroit. In Detroit there's more dope, more robberies, more rapes, more of everything." That kind of reaction is not untypical of parents when they are first told that their children must be bused away. "I'll lay my body in front of any bus. I'll chain myself to the school doors," cried Douglas Easter of Boston's Jamaica Plain, when he was informed that his children would have to attend a school three miles away.

The battle against busing by Northern whites has been observed with a certain degree of cynical amusement in the South, where, according to Government statistics, schools are now less segregated than those outside the Old Confederacy. As of the last school year, 39% of black children in the South went to schools where whites were in the majority, compared with only 28% in the North and West. Busing offers many blacks not only a release from segregation but the hope of a much better education than they

now receive. For that reason, and encouraged by the Supreme Court's refusal to review local busing decisions, the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund has announced plans to bring busing suits in at least twelve cities for each of the next three years.

Telling Confrontation

Clearly, busing is beginning to emerge as one of the major political issues of 1972. It has already had its impact in the nation's capital, where President Nixon has made it plain that he strongly opposes "busing of children for the sake of busing." Inspired in part by mountains of angry constituent mail, more than 100 Congressmen have announced their support of a proposed constitutional amendment to prohibit busing. Just how deep feelings run on the subject was apparent last week when the House of Representatives took up the Administration's \$1.5 billion measure to assist in desegregating school districts. Northerners and Southerners united to insert in the bill a ban on any use of the money for busing; they also added a rider encouraging districts not to comply with court busing orders until all legal appeals have been exhausted—a process that could take years.

The highly emotional debate on the bill featured a telling confrontation between two of the nation's best-known Congresswomen. "I never bought a home without looking first to find out about the schools my boys would attend," said Oregon Republican Edith Green. "If the Federal Government is going to reach its long arm into my house and say, 'We are sorry but your children are going to have to be bused 30 miles,' I say the Government has gone too far." In vain, Brooklyn's black Democrat Shirley Chisholm answered with scorn and fury: "Let me bring it right down front to you. Your only concern is that whites are affected. Where were you

when black children were bused right past the white schools?"

One of the chief backers of the antibusing amendment, which is now bottled up in the House Judiciary Committee, is a racial moderate—Michigan's Republican Senator Robert Griffin, who is up for re-election next year. There is a sound political reason for his support of the proposal: some of the most bitter busing battles are now being fought in his state. The most notable field of combat has been in Pontiac, a rough, grimy General Motors factory town of 85,000. Last summer District Judge Damon Keith, ruling on a suit filed by the N.A.A.C.P., rejected the city's argument that any segregation in Pontiac schools

was caused by housing patterns. Keith, who is black, pointed out that there were numerous examples of attendance boundaries in Pontiac having been redistricted whenever blacks moved into a previously all-white neighborhood. He then ordered 9,000 of the city's 24,000 schoolchildren bused for an average of 15 minutes each way to achieve a better racial balance.

Right to Choose

On the eve of school opening in September, ten school buses that were to carry out the court order were firebombed: five members of Michigan's Ku Klux Klan were later charged with the crime. More important, a group of



MOTHERS BLOCKING SCHOOL
Exposure to rapes and robberies

The Nephews of Boston Say No

AT first glance, Louis Nephew and his family might appear to be distant Boston relatives of *All in the Family's* Archie Bunker. A large American flag waves proudly above the small grass and macadam front yard, and during the just completed mayoral campaign, the flagpole was also decorated with a poster boosting Louise Day Hicks, the antibusing candidate. More important, the Nephews recently refused to send their children to a school outside their Dorchester neighborhood, assigned to them under Boston's busing plan. But inside 12 Edson Street the view is somewhat different, and the Nephews seem less like a caricature.

One of the main reasons they chose the Edson Street house was its location. They and their seven children would be near a Catholic church and the Fifeled elementary school, which is only two blocks away. When the Nephews bought their home seven years ago, Dorchester was an all-white neighborhood; now black families are moving in and the Nephews worry about their investment and

their children. Last September, when they were told that to further integration two of their daughters, Patricia and Susan, would have to go to fifth grade at the new Lee school, half a mile away—the other five children were not affected—they were confused, angry and defiant. "It is our God-given right to send our children to whatever school we want," says Mrs. Nephew.

Her opposition was not caused by bigotry—Fifeled was already 30% to 40% black—nor was it based on principle alone. "It's dangerous enough for my kids to walk to Fifeled just two blocks away," she maintains. "I didn't see why they should travel half a mile into a district where there's even more crime." Furthermore, she adds, the girls had made friends at Fifeled, and were looking forward to being taught by a favorite teacher.

When the school transfer was ordered, Nephew, an IBM programmer, and some friends asked the pastor of St. Matthew's Roman Catholic Church for help. Father Leonard Burke organized the parents of about 200 children, most of whom continued to attend Fifeled in defiance of the edict: school officials allowed them in the classrooms, though the children were not registered for credit. Picket lines were set up around the homes of school committeemen who had voted for the busing plan.

The parents' activities, coupled with an approaching school-committee election, produced results—and a blow to desegregation in Boston. In early October the school committee reversed busing plans throughout the city in the presence of an angry crowd of parents. The Nephews found personal vindication in the reversal. "We're called second-class citizens," Jeannette Nephew observes. "But we proved we're second to nobody in city hall."

white parents calling themselves the National Action Group organized an illegal boycott that kept 35% of Pontiac's white children home on the first day of school. In a scene chillingly reminiscent of the angry desegregation of Little Rock's Central High School in 1957, children of both races who did show up for classes had to be protected from demonstrators by cordons of police.

Attendance at the schools is now back to normal. Nonetheless, the N.A.G., whose slogan is "Bus judges, not children," now has 71 branches in Pontiac and claims a membership of 100,000. New units are springing up in other Midwestern states. The highly vocal leader of the organization is Mrs. Irene McCabe, 36, an attractive blonde housewife of Greek descent, none of whose three children attend public schools themselves. She insists that the real issue is not racism but the right of parents to choose their children's schools. "I have to laugh at TV commentators who ask if I don't think it's right for black children to get a chance to attend schools previously dominated by whites," she says. "They think blacks and whites should exchange their cultures through schools. Personally, I don't think I'm required to study or participate in another group's ethnic culture if I don't want to. I don't go around demanding that everyone learn more about Greek civilization."

Metropolitan Busing

Pontiac is not the only city in up-roar over busing. An even more potentially explosive situation exists in nearby Detroit, where Federal Judge Stephen J. Roth in September astounded and outraged white suburbanites. As Judge Keith had done in the Pontiac case, Roth found that Detroit school segregation had been abetted by board of education policies. Then he went further and noted that all-white suburban havens had been promoted by official actions—in this case, by policies of

MRS. NEPHEW & DAUGHTERS





BUSES IN PONTIAC, MICH.
or release from segregation?

the Federal Housing Administration and state agencies, which could have prohibited racial discrimination in real estate dealings had they wished. Consequently, Roth suggested, the suburbs would have to help overcome the school segregation to which they had contributed, perhaps through a plan that would bus children back and forth between the suburbs and the ghettos. He ordered the state board of education to produce a plan for a new metropolitan-area school district by Feb. 4. There have also been loud parental protests in San Francisco against a court-ordered, citywide busing plan for elementary schools that went into effect this fall. And last week, voters in Rochester, N.Y., turned out a school board that favored a new "two-way" busing plan.

Growing Support

Still, the public backlash against busing is far from universal. After doing their legal best to avoid the inevitable, a number of Southern cities have quietly accepted busing as the law of the land, and made a go of it. Last week voters in Sacramento, Calif., re-elected a pro-busing school board. In the wealthy suburb of Westport, Conn., the citizenry elected a school board that intends to continue the small-scale busing of 75 black children to the town's schools from the ghetto of nearby Bridgeport.

A new Gallup poll shows that 76% of the nation's voters are opposed to busing; the striking fact is that the percentage figures are down five points from a year ago. Even in Pontiac, the student council of Northern High School has tried to send a letter home to parents explaining, as 16-year-old Swanola James puts it, that "we all aren't worked up." (The principal, she says, quashed the letter for fear of offending N.A.G. parents.) Parent volunteers have been working in the Pontiac schools and trying to counteract the N.A.G. with a slogan that has cropped up this year on bumper stickers in both North

and South: LET'S MAKE IT WORK.

Can it really work? The necessarily ambiguous answer is yes, no and maybe. Busing for desegregation actually involves three different situations, with uncertain application to communities that may face them in the future. Limited, one-way busing is used in many cities to bring small groups of black children from ghettos to mostly white schools, sometimes in suburbs. More extensive two-way transportation is increasing also, under court orders, to produce proportional mixtures of whites and blacks within all the schools of a system. Still largely unexplored are proposals to expand two-way busing to entire metropolitan areas, bringing children

from relatively remote suburbs into city schools as well as sending city children out beyond municipal lines.

In the many communities where it does work, one-way busing has proved to be a rewarding experience for white children as well as black. In suburban Wilton, Conn., one white lad recently startled a friend with an unusual expression of envy. "Boy, are you lucky! You live in a place with elevators, and you can walk to the candy store any time you want to." The surprised friend was a street-wise black from downtown Bridgeport. "That's all right," the black youngster answered. "You got some nice things here, too."

To sample those nice things, 50

Virginia's Holtons Say Yes

TWO decades ago, Virginia, the philosophical leader of the South since the days of Jefferson and Madison, initiated the misguided doctrine of "massive resistance" to desegregation. It is thus ironic and yet totally appropriate that Virginia today is attempting to show that integration can work. No more dramatic sign of this effort has occurred than the decision of the state's Governor, Linwood Holton, voluntarily to send his four children to mixed or predominantly black schools.

Not that Holton, Virginia's first Republican Governor in 84 years, favors the court-ordered busing plans that are desegregating the state's schools. "We disapprove, dislike and deplore busing across town to achieve racial balance," he says. Despite his disapproval, however, he has urged all Virginians to obey court busing orders and, in the face of sometimes bitter opposition, has adamantly refused to seek a reversal in the Supreme Court. "I think it is unfortunate that we are losing the neighborhood school concept," he says, "but the community is going along with the new order. People are finding out that the youngsters can handle the situation."

His own children, in fact, are handling the situation as well as any. Though he could have sent them to any public school in Richmond—the Governor's mansion is excluded from busing plans because it is on state rather than city land—Holton has put his elder daughter, Tayloe, 15, into a high school that is 88% black; Anne, 13, and Woody, 12, attend a middle school 86% black; and Dwight, 5, a school that is 50% black. All seem to have thrived.

Tayloe is one of the two white cheerleaders (out of a squad of twelve) at John F. Kennedy High School, and her grades have risen since she arrived. Anne and Woody have specifically asked to ride the

school bus (there is no school bus stop convenient to the downtown mansion for Tayloe and none at all for Dwight). As for five-year-old Dwight, "I don't think he knows the difference between black and white," Holton says. "Isn't that great?"

Aside from being Governor—not necessarily an advantage for his children when they are in the classroom—Holton is different from most parents in his ebullient optimism. On his office in box is pasted the slogan, TODAY IS OPPORTUNITY DAY, NO SOMETHING, and twelve-year-old Woody is awakened by his father each morning with the call, "It's opportunity time." His wife Jinks is also enthusiastic, and is trying to get more black parents into the schools' P.T.A.s. In the same situation, other parents and other children might not have had the same happy experience. Still, when the Governor says, "I have seen it work," the people of Virginia know that they are not listening to just another politician ordering them to do what he would not do himself.

HOLTONS & CHILDREN



Bridgeport children for the past year have been arriving each day in Wilton schools after a 25-minute bus ride. The experiment is still considered a bit controversial in Wilton; but in 25 other suburban Connecticut towns that take 2,100 ghetto children from Bridgeport, Hartford, New Haven and Waterbury, the state-financed Project Concern is accepted as a success. Project Concern's children are selected at random and exemplify the entire range of ghetto problems. Even so, their presence has not diluted the achievement of white children, nor has it caused any new disciplinary problems in the schools involved. A similar program in the Boston area, known as "Metro," now buses 1,600 black children to 30 different suburban school systems; in New York City, more than 18,000 ghetto children ride by bus or subway to take classes in largely white schools within the city limits.

The widespread suburban acceptance of Connecticut's Project Concern evaporates rapidly whenever it is proposed that the white children be bused into Bridgeport schools, or when it is suggested that the ratio of black children in classes be increased. And while black parents of children who entered the program are generally grateful for the opportunities provided, black educators are not. They see such one-way plans as a Northern form of tokenism that leaves the majority of black children trapped in inadequate and underfunded ghetto schools. In truth, many of the one-way busing programs resemble the "freedom of choice" schemes—allowing a few blacks to "choose" a white school—that some Southern districts still use as a way of avoiding full-scale integration.

Tired of Court

One-way busing can also involve large areas and substantial numbers of students. In such Southern cities as Nashville, Tenn., and Winston-Salem, N.C., compliance with court orders to integrate has been achieved primarily by busing hundreds of blacks to hitherto all-white schools. But courts are increasingly insisting that cities desegregate their schools by more democratic two-way busing, even in major cities where logistics are complicated. Few have moved farther or faster than Mobile, Ala., which for years fought desegregation hard, appealing federal court orders no fewer than eleven times. At the time of the Supreme Court order upholding busing in the school district of Charlotte-Mecklenburg, N.C., the court made it clear that it wanted Mobile to integrate without further delay. School Board President Charles McNeil finally decided that "the people were tired of going to court all the time." In numerous meetings with 22 civic groups, he and School Superintendent Harold Collins worked out an integration plan.

For their part, black leaders conceded that even though the school system did



BLACK & WHITE FRIENDSHIP
"You got some nice things, too."

not have to cope with the black majority that makes fearful whites elsewhere talk of moving away, instant integration of its 40% black student body might create panic. Thus they agreed to let nine of Mobile's presently all-black schools remain segregated until 1973. Another key to the success of Mobile's plan is its system of "split zones," which preserve at least a semblance of the neighborhood school system. A zone that includes black and white neighborhoods is drawn around each school, permitting the majority of students within the area to attend it; the rest are brought in by busing. Yet a further inducement was the decision of Superintendent Collins to install some much-needed educational reforms, including upgraded, "individualized" curricula that let children proceed pretty much at their own pace.

Partly because Mobile's community pride determined that integration was

going to work, it seems to have done so. There are occasional fistfights between blacks and whites in high schools, and some disgruntled whites have withdrawn their children to enter them in private academies. Basically, though, the chips are mostly gone from shoulders. At a recent post-football-game dance, a black boy danced with the daughter of one of Mobile's wealthiest whites, and everybody else tried to follow his new and so far unnamed dance.

The experiment, of course, could easily sour, but Mobile's white leaders have quietly discouraged Governor Wallace from trying to upset the plan. Says black lawyer A.J. Cooper Jr.: "No doubt it is an imposition on many parents, black and white, to have their kids bused. But the question is, are we willing to accept impositions to make our Constitution work? I don't think the founding fathers ever meant that democracy was going to be easy."

By far the most massive and most complex busing program outside the South is taking place this fall in San Francisco. There the chief opposition has come from Chinese parents. Their concern is that the children will lose part of the close-knit community's ancient cultural heritage. "At least that's what they say to you," one Chinese-American teacher contends. "But if you could speak Chinese, you'd learn they just don't want their children going to school with blacks." As of last week, at least 3,000 Chinese children were still boycotting the schools.

Tears on the Face

There is still some white resentment in the city, but the tide of protest seems to be ebbing. One white family that has learned to live with the plan is that of lawyer Donald Ungar, who lives in the middle-class district of West Portal. Ungar's son Kenneth now spends 15 to 20 minutes traveling to a 44-year-old school in a heavily Spanish-speaking area. Its playground is perpetually littered with broken glass. "We'd talk about that school this summer and tears would literally roll down my face," says Carol Ungar. "But my husband feels very strongly about integration. He'd say, 'Look, we believe in it. Let's give it a try.' Now I can't tell you how happy Kenneth is. He's in the fifth grade, but taking sixth grade math and reading."

Mrs. Doris Phillips, who is black, sends her son and daughter to the same school. She regrets that busing means that her kids and their schoolmates cannot play together after school, but thinks that it is "the best solution" available now for desegregation. "So many neighborhoods in this city are lily-white," says Mrs. Phillips. "A Negro couldn't possibly buy a house there. Then when busing came they started to scream. Well, if they'd wanted their kids kept near them, they should have thought ahead. They were so conscious of preserving property values



STUDENTS IN HARRISBURG, PA.
Chips off shoulders.



"Weel done, Cutty Sark."

For over a century, millions of people have known Cutty Sark's reputation and how she earned it. But few have ever known why her owner gave her such a curious name. And still fewer have known why Cutty carries a buxom and beautiful witch under her bowsprit. Here's the story.



Tam O'Shanter, the superstitious farmer in Robert Burns' poem, saw a coven of witches dancing in a graveyard one night. Dazzled by the antics of one of them — and by the brevity of her short skirt (in Scots dialect, a cutty sark) — he cried: "Weel done, Cutty Sark," and started a chase that was nearly the end of him. The witch Nannie, his beautiful pursuer, became Cutty Sark's figurehead. Her skirt gave Cutty her name.



The "canny wee mon," Capt. John Willis: Ship's Master, Cutty's owner, and, like most Scots, devoted student of Robert Burns. He made a fortune from Cutty Sark. He loved her as none of his other ships. But he sold her the moment he saw the steamships cut her profits.



For exact replica of antique figure "Liverpool" Cutty Sark purchases, send check or money order for \$4.95 to: Cutty Sark Dealer, P.O. Box 8, New York, N.Y. 10006. Offer valid where prohibited.



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Cutty Sark...the only one of its kind.

There are two cars built in Sweden. Before you buy theirs, drive ours.

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It has a wide stance. (About 55 inches.) So it rides and handles like a sports car.

Outside, our car is smaller than a lot of "small" cars. 172" overall length, 57" overall width.

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It also has more headroom than a Rolls Royce and more room from the brake pedal to the back seat than a Mercedes 280. And it has factory air conditioning as an option.

There are a lot of other things that make our car different from their car. Like roll cage construction and a special "hot seat" for cold winter days.

So before you buy their car, stop by your nearest SAAB dealer and drive our car. The SAAB 99E. We think you'll buy it instead of theirs.

SAAB 99E



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that they forgot everything else. So now they've got busing."

The key question now worrying Northern white parents is: What are the results of busing? The answer is not totally comforting. A study of 700 high schools conducted last year by the Syracuse University Research Corporation showed that classroom disruption was "positively related" to integration, especially in schools with a higher proportion of black students than black teachers. Experience has shown that where strong discipline does not go hand in hand with respect for minority cultures, the common scuffles of school life can easily explode into violence. In Pontiac, the number of robberies reported in schools during the first three weeks of busing increased from one to 24, assaults from 13 to 84.

The tragic fact is that violence occurs all too often, especially in run-down, transitional neighborhoods. White parents on the South Side of Chicago see their kids being regularly rolled for their lunch money; in Annapolis, Md., white children are afraid to use school washrooms guarded by black toughs. Detroit's Martin Luther King High School has a modern building, but the school is an island in the middle of a rotting ghetto. Heroin is openly dispensed from a "shooting gallery," a block away; drunks loiter on the sidewalks, bottles of Thunderbird wine still in their hands.

Temporary Estrangement

Partially because violence is a threat, instant brotherhood is hard to attain, particularly during the first months of integration. As school opened in Austin, Texas, this fall, anti-black slogans were painted on the walls of one building, and police confiscated pistols, hunting knives, and clubs crudely fashioned from pool cues with nails stuck in the end. Last year Harrisburg, Pa., undertook a citywide busing program involving 5,000 children. "I thought the purpose of busing was to integrate the schools," says one tenth-grader, "but in the long run, the white kids sit in one part of the bus and the black kids in another part."

The estrangement is not necessarily permanent; not only in Mobile, but in the integrated school systems of Riverside and Berkeley, Calif., blacks and whites have learned to work and play together without incident. Most schools report that once children of both races develop self-confidence with one another, interracial friendships, while not necessarily widespread, do develop. In Harrisburg one small boy told his teacher: "I didn't realize there were so many white people before." At the very least, students develop a certain commonness. Says Jerome Kretzmer, New York City's environmental protection administrator, whose children attend integrated schools: "As far as safety is concerned, the mugging problem is a social problem. Unfortunately, we have to make our children aware of the pos-

sibility that it's going to happen to them."

While the social results of busing may be uncertain, the academic ones—at least for black students—are not. Choosing his words with scholarly care, Massachusetts Education Commissioner Neil Sullivan contends: "The weight of available evidence gives credence to the hypothesis that students from minority groups or from a lower socioeconomic class, both black and white, achieve more when educated in mixed student bodies than they do when segregated."

The major evidence comes from the so-called Coleman report, a study prepared in 1966 with Government financing by Johns Hopkins Sociologist James

not as rapidly for blacks and Chicanos as for whites and Asians. The problem for the slower students seems to be time. Says Dr. Arthur D. Dambacher of Berkeley's office of research: "The younger the youngster involved, the more positive the results—they don't have to unlearn habits picked up in a segregated setting."

Is there a creative alternative to busing for improving minority education? The only one that has been seriously proposed is "compensatory education"—spending disproportionate amounts on ghetto schools in hopes of making them "separate but better." But there is sad evidence that the mere application of



BUS OVERTURNED BY MOB IN LAMAR, S.C. (1970)
If whites will demand, blacks will get.

Coleman. Appallingly, it is the only nationwide study of education and race, but its findings have since been corroborated by research on individual school systems. The report found that the achievement scores of black children did improve in racially mixed classes. Coleman added an important corollary: achievement improved chiefly because blacks from poor backgrounds picked up conventional middle-class academic skills by mixing with middle-class whites. Most educators now agree that such learning is less likely when poor children in a school make up more than 60% of the enrollment.

When such a "tipping point" can be avoided and schools are relatively calm, the achievement of whites does not decline and that of minorities improves. In Hartford's Project Concern, tests have shown that black children gain up to 1.2 years' worth of reading skills in four months, while control groups of children left in the ghetto fall farther and farther below national averages. Since integration, reading scores have gone up for Berkeley primary children of all races, although

money and manpower to such programs does not always work out. According to a recent publication of the Washington-based Council for Basic Education, the District of Columbia has not brought its pupils close to national norms, even though recently it has been spending \$1,089 yearly per pupil—\$235 more than the national average.

Balancing Big Cities

What is really needed, many educators now say, is ways to help teachers cope with the special problems that ghetto children have in learning skills for survival in the nation's middle-class mainstream. The experts feel that a basic shortcoming of the American educational system is that—particularly in the ghetto—it has not faced up to the challenges of coping with students from widely divergent cultural backgrounds. "The schools of this country have traditionally been geared to meeting the needs of middle-class children," says California's Superintendent of Public Instruction Wilson Riley.

For all that, the odds are that a poor black child will get a better education at

the end of a bus ride than at home. Although the logistics of busing are formidable, the experience of Mobile and San Francisco shows that geography can be overcome in many areas. Things are back to normal too in Savannah, Ga., where antibusing mothers hanged School Board President Julian Halligan in effigy early in September. Of the nation's 51 largest cities, only 15 have a student population that is more than 50% black and Spanish-speaking. The major skepticism about busing involves big cities whose racial makeup allows no possibility of balance. Washington, D.C.'s schools are now 95% black, Newark's 72%, and Detroit's 64%. For years, black and white educators have written integration off as a realistic option for these communities. Now, though, Judge Roth's insistence on an integration plan for the Detroit metropolitan area raises the possibility that other areas may be forced to consider a formal linking of city and suburban schools.

No details of the Detroit plan have been announced, but the attorneys who brought the original suit favor one scheme that would draw a twelve-mile circle around Detroit and cut it into five to eight zones shaped like slices of a pie. The narrow end of each wedge would be in the center city. Some suburbanites are worried that their children might be bused as far as 16 miles to a downtown school. The answer of one city administrator is that "after all, suburbanites with inner-city jobs drive this far every day and they don't think anything about it." Conceding that such distances would be onerous for children, however, officials are also considering a cross-busing plan between existing school districts. Since many black areas are just across municipal boundaries from white ones, such a plan might actually require less busing than now occurs within the city and the various suburbs. Moreover, says Martha Jean "the Queen," a black Detroit radio commentator: "When the white folks start sending their kids into the ghetto, they won't put up with the kind of education they're giving our kids. They'll demand a better education, and blacks will get it too."

Far-Reaching Decision

Integrationists have some unlikely allies in a Citizens Committee for Better Education, representing whites who still live in Detroit. Under citywide integration, the committee points out, white children would be a 35% minority; under a metropolitan plan, they would remain 80% of the school population. That, of course, is precisely the reason that some blacks oppose the plan: it could dilute their clout in P.T.A. meetings and with school boards.

Although metropolitan-area school integration is a new idea, it is far from unknown. Many Southern districts, including Miami, Nashville and Mobile, already bus between center cities and suburban areas. Resistance to metropolitan plans is often based on fear that the suburbs will have to share their economic resources—but that may be forced upon them by another potentially far-reaching court decision.

Last August the California Supreme Court ruled, in *Serrano v. Priest*, that California schools must be financed by a more equitable method than widely varying property taxes. A child's right to an equal chance for education, the court said, should not depend on the wealth of his parents or where he lives. Similar judgments are eventually expected in other states, and Minnesota's Supreme



HANGING EFFIGY IN SAVANNAH
Better to work for better schools.

Court has already adopted such a ruling. If the drive to "equalize" school finance forced wealthy suburban communities to support schools in poor urban areas, parents might have less objection to busing their children to the city—and less incentive to leave it in the first place.

A parallel path to the future could be the enactment of a far-sighted bill that has been proposed for the last two years by Connecticut's Senator Abraham Ribicoff. Although it has twice been defeated, on this year's vote it was supported by every potential Democratic presidential nominee in the Senate. After four years of pilot testing and planning, Ribicoff's plan would give every metropolitan area—North or South—a deadline of ten years to make minority representation in each of its schools equal to at least half the percentage of minority-group students in the area as a whole. In an area with a 20% black enrollment, for example, at least 10% of the student body in each

school would be black. Cities would have flexibility to adopt whatever methods they choose, and to reject busing if they could make another technique work as well, but those that failed to show progress would lose all federal support. A companion Ribicoff bill would provide incentives for suburban communities to make room for low- and middle-income housing.


A Moral and Legal Right

Many cities in the South have managed to desegregate their schools, however reluctantly, without widespread violence and protest. Despite different traditions and attitudes, many Northern communities could also do so, if their citizens chose. But in the present political climate, the President or the Congress will certainly not do anything to encourage or assist metropolitan-area busing programs. Moreover, no one can be sure how the Supreme Court would rule on the new Northern busing plans, if it chooses to do so.

The rationale for busing plans is, simply, that busing is better than its alternatives. It seems for the moment to be the most effective and efficient method of providing minority groups with equal opportunities in education. No one—save possibly school-bus manufacturers—is in favor of "busing for the sake of busing," the chimera that Richard Nixon belabors. Blacks, after all, have as strong a sense of neighborhood schools as whites do. But as Nicholas Hood, a black city councilman in Detroit, puts it: "It's pragmatic. We don't have any desire to be close to white people just for the sake of being close to white people. We want the same thing everyone else wants so we can have the same opportunities for our kids to learn and grow."

Blacks have a moral right to those opportunities and, increasingly, a legal right as well. It is doubtful that white parents have so strong a right to choose a specific public school for their children, but it is even more doubtful that they should be forced by law to have their offspring bused where their safety is endangered or where they will demonstrably suffer along educational lines. That happens less often than alarmists contend. When it does, both whites and blacks have some justification for abandoning the public schools. A far better solution, obviously, would be to work together for better schools everywhere.

Large-scale busing for integration is not a long-range solution to the inequalities that still afflict American society. It is a transitional inconvenience, an interim, makeshift answer to an awkward social problem. Many of the protests against it, accompanied by all the anguish and apprehension it causes in many white families, have a claim to respect. Yet, until bad schools improve and neighborhoods integrate, to outlaw busing would be to run the risk that the dangerous gulf between two nations—one black, one white—could grow even wider.



Now, if we could just recycle electricity.

There's a growing army of Americans whose battle cry is "Recycle." They're intent on turning national waste into national resource. Old cans into new cans, old glass into new glass, used paper into new paper, waste water into clean water, food scraps into animal feeds and fertilizers to beget more food.

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So what we must do is plan and build now to make sure it's here when it's needed. This kind of orderly development requires planning more than just a year ahead, or even five years ahead. More like ten years, because the planning and building of a modern power facility can take from eight to ten years.

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MODERN LIVING

Fashion Is an Honest Sweater

IT wasn't the strawberry malt or the tight skirt or the high-heeled shoes or her all-American good looks. It was the bright red sweater 16-year-old Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner was wearing—and amply filling—that attracted the attention of Hollywood Editor William Wilkerson in Hollywood's Top Hat Malt Shop 35 years ago. "How would you like to be in pictures?" he asked Julia Jean. Within a year she had been transformed into Sweater Girl Lana Turner, and the lowly, utilitarian sweater had been established as a basic part of the American female's wardrobe.

If sweaters made Lana, Lana also made sweaters: they were a universal fashion by the end of the '30s. Until that time, the sweater was intended almost strictly for warmth, in perfect conformity with its origins in the 19th century, when it was used by athletes intent on working up a healthy sweat. Today, after a lapse of several years, sweater fever is once again gripping the fashion world. In Manhattan, Paris, Los Angeles and London, the young are falling upon gaudily decorated knit tops like moths upon tweed. Top-ranking designers such as Bill Blass, Anne Klein, Valentino and Yves St. Laurent are making the sweater an essential part of their new layered-look lines. Those twin oracles of the fashion world, *Vogue* and Eugenia Sheppard, agree on its popularity: "Fashion is a sweater this fall," says Eugenia, while *Vogue* stretches things further to call this "the year of the sweater."

By any account, the sweater is back with a vengeance. Not that it was ever far away: Bryn Mawr matrons can be separated only at gunpoint from their cherished cashmere twin sets, and skiers have always been attached to bright, hulky, over-everything pullovers. Generally, however, sweater styles run in cycles, tight-fitting then bulky, and the current trend favors the very slim—for both the wearer and the worn. The baggy Shetlands of the '50s, for example, are now rarely in evidence. "It's the European fit we see now," says New York City Designer Stan Herman. "Much of it comes from the French and the Italians."

Phony Bras. Snug as the new sweaters may be, this fall's sweater girl goes braless and presents a considerably more natural effect than the Lana Turner model of yesteryear. Says Adrian Garland, of Beverly Hills' Mr. G. shop: "The new sweaters go well with the new woman. They're honest because they're tight. But they don't depend on the old, phony bras."

Since late summer, sweater sales have soared. Says a Saks Fifth Avenue spokesman: "Sweaters have been fantastic all over the store." In Saks' junior department, the most popular examples have been the ribbed turtleneck, the flat knit with the plain round neck, and the sleeveless "shrinks"—short, tight numbers. In the designer departments, the bestsellers have been Anne Klein's high-necked sweater with buttons on the shoulders and Bill Blass's long-sleeved U-neck. "When we get in a new shipment from either one," says a Saks spokesman, "they're almost gone by the end of the day." Other top-ranking New York stores like Bonwit Teller, Lord & Taylor and Henri Bendel are also having trouble keeping sweaters in stock. An equally impressive testimonial to sweater popularity is the experience of Mr. G. in Beverly Hills. "Three years ago," says

Garland, "we were selling 25 dresses for every sweater. Today we don't even carry dresses; our whole store is crammed with sweaters."

Eye-Deceivers. There are many reasons for the new sweater enthusiasm. Selections in both color and style are wider than ever. In both London and New York, a big seller is the dolman (or bat-wing) version, which has long, wide sleeves growing out of its wide waistband. There are snug, armless sweater tubes and long sweater dresses. Many sweaters now sport knitted-in portraits of people or animals. Betsy Johnson's "ecology" line features trees and fish; Giorgio di Sant'Angelo portrays a plane taking off. Stan Herman's trompe l'oeil sweater dresses have fake belts and scarves knitted into the material. Others contrast jazzy colors, stripes and polka dots in dazzling juxtaposition. "Sweaters are completely different now," says Sant'Angelo. "We have these fabulous synthetic yarns and colors." Says Herman: "Sweaters are the only way to dress."

For enthusiasts who want to stand out in exclusive designs, an American expatriate in London is putting out a line of sweaters that are literally works of art. "About a year ago," says Mike Ross, "it suddenly occurred to me that if people were beginning to buy multiple art in the form of signed lithographs, why wouldn't they buy it in the form of sweaters?" He promptly commissioned four top British artists to design sweaters—and now, after a "nightmare" period devoted to making colors and patterns accurate, the work-of-art sweaters are selling at \$96 apiece, each packed in a box with a stainless-steel rim, polystyrene backing and a clear plastic front, so that they can be hung on a wall when not hung on an owner.

It has been left to Paris, however, to provide the ultimate example of the fashionable sweater fad. At a recent fashion showing, gaping onlookers were spellbound as a young French p.r. girl in the audience peeled during the course of the show. First to be shed was a navy blue cardigan. Then a sleeveless, striped blue pullover fluttered down, followed by a long-sleeved sweater. *An fond* was a sleeveless, almost backless silky knit navy turtleneck—a dazzling outfit clearly designed for energetic dancing at top chic nightclubs as the evening wears on.

Lana Turner (left) glorifies the sweater in a 1937 shot. At right: ribbed knit by Halston is barely more than a fabric tube.



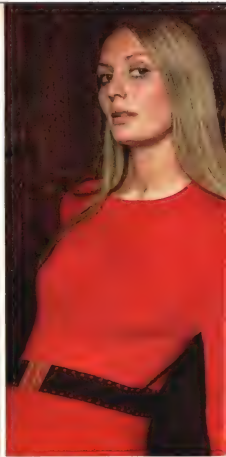


Knitted band in sweater creates belt effect.

Fat lady adorns knit for slender wearer.



Earthy tones and texture in striped silk.



Rocket, anchor and chevrons join forces for mod military look.

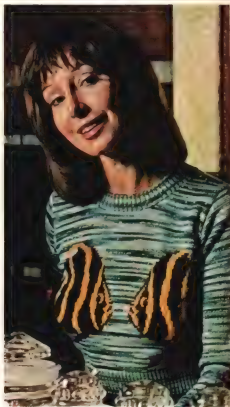


Bare shoulders cool a turtleneck.

Hot lips and a message flank
plain-ribbed sweater.



Kiss-me hat complements sweater-dress.



Something fishy about
a flashy pullover.



SHOW BUSINESS

Beyond Coteries

The building, an ornate pile of red brick in Manhattan's East Village, was built by Multimillionaire John Jacob Astor to house New York's first public library. It has been designated a federal landmark and, except when the janitor's dog naps on the front steps, its outward aspect is as staid as old money. Inside, however, the atmosphere combines elements of a happening, a commune and a scene from *The Time of Your Life*. Bicycles wheel through the stately old lobby. Plays are being rehearsed. Youths in jeans scurry around with portfolios. Music echoes from a distant room.

This is New York's Public Theater, which in four years has become something of a city landmark itself. In the raffish, energetic image of its founder-producer, Joseph Papp, the Public Theater has converted the interior of the Astor Library into five theaters, a cinémathèque, a photographic workshop, scene shop and offices. It offers an impressively wide range of inexpensive (top ticket: \$6) and provocative artistic fare: plays from Shakespeare to experimental new works, films, poetry readings, dance programs and concerts.

Doubting, Questioning. When the Public Theater's new season began last week, the lineup of at least seven full-scale plays and seven workshop productions was typical. Set to open this week, for example, are two dramas: *The Black Terror*, "a revolutionary adventure story" by Black Playwright Richard Wesley, and *Sticks and Bones*, by David Rabe, about the family life of a blind Viet Nam veteran. In previews is a musical version of the Greek tragedy *Iphigenia*. And the workshop is preparing a production of Bertolt Brecht's *In the Jungle of Cities*.

"I want a theater that is doubting, questioning," says Papp. "We're not a newspaper. Don't waste your time in the theater if you leave without having something about you changed. Go roller-skating. Make love. But don't go to the theater."

The most famous of Papp's productions is *Hair*, which opened the first Public Theater season in 1967 and, having transferred to Broadway, is still running there and round the world. Papp has staged—or supervised the staging of—such far-out musicals as *Blood and Stomps!*, classics like *Trelawny of the Wells*, and a modern-dress rewrite of *Hamlet*. He also has a good record of finding new American playwrights, whom he regards as a vital natural resource. "I'd rather do flawed American plays than outstanding foreign plays," he says. Charles Gurdone became the

first black playwright to win the Pulitzer Prize with his 1969 Public Theater production of *No Place to Be Somebody*. David Rabe won an Obie for last season's *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel*.

The radical thrust and freewheeling staging of many Public Theater productions have earned Papp a mixed reputation. To some, he is a headline-grabbing sensationalist, a glorified fund-raiser; to others, he is the potential savior of the American theater. All agree



"STICKS AND BONES"

Encouraging natural resources.

he is never dull. New York Times critic Walter Kerr, reviewing *Blood*, complained about the way the audience was shoved around and arranged in patterns by the actors. "Please stay away," Papp fired back in a letter to Kerr. "Keep out. I don't want you here. You are incapable of judging and evaluating new works." Papp prefers to regard himself and his Public Theater as just another public service. "I just want equality with garbage collection."

Free Shakespeare. Joseph Papirosky was born 50 years ago in the tough Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, the son of a Polish trunkmaker and a Lithuanian seamstress. His first theatrical venture was an appearance as Scrooge in a first-grade production of *A Christmas Carol*. He graduated from high school and became a telegraph messenger, shoe-shine boy, short-order cook, and chicken "flicker" (plucker). After four years in the Navy, where he staged shows on the deck of an aircraft carrier, he used the G.I. Bill to study at the Actors Laboratory in Hollywood. Later, back in New York, he worked as a television stage manager while organizing Shakespeare productions in a church base-



PRODUCER PAPP



"PAVLO HUMMEL"

A theater, not a newspaper.

ment. In 1956 he launched his free Shakespeare Festival in Central Park, which still enlivens the city's summers.

Unabashed Aim. Papp discovered the Astor Library, the ideal housing for his theatrical ideas, while taking a walk one day in 1966. He scraped up the backing to buy it, then nearly lost it when he could not pay a \$400,000 renovation bill on top of its \$360,000 mortgage. Early this year, he persuaded the city of New York to buy the building and lease it back for \$1 a year. This relieved much of the financial pressure on his Theater, whose low ticket prices bring in only 15% of its budget. Further relief came this fall in the form of a National Endowment for the Arts grant of \$125,000, the largest it has ever awarded to a drama group.

With such encouragement, Papp is busily widening his orbit. His rock version of Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which will open on Broadway next month, played successfully last summer in Central Park, then toured the boroughs. Two other Papp productions have gone out on tour nationally. He looks ahead unabashedly to the day when he can establish a national theater. "For years I've been trying to appeal to a broader audience," he says. "The avant-garde is coterie theater. Broadway is on a larger scale, but it is still coterie theater. I'm thinking of the whole country, not just New York."

Carmen Miranda's face draws attention to this short-sleeved wool knit pullover (at the AGORA Ice Cream Parlour).

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Antonio y Cleopatra

Pack or box, you're ahead behind an A&C.



THE PRESS

Closeup on China

Despite its "new opening" toward the U.S., the Peking government has allowed only a handful of correspondents from American newspapers and magazines into Red China. By far the finest account so far of life in the land of Mao appears in the November issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*; the author is Australian Ross Terrill, 33, a contributing editor of the magazine. Harvard's John K. Fairbank, the dean of American Sinologists, calls Terrill's 15,000-word article "the best piece of reporting from



TERRILL AT THE GREAT WALL
Boiled rice and bicycles.

China since the late '40s." Other China watchers heartily concur.

After arriving in Canton on June 16, Terrill spent 40 days in the People's Republic, visiting rural communes and vacation resorts as well as seven major cities, including Shanghai and Peking, where he met Premier Chou En-lai. Terrill's determination to see as much as he could—"the actual world of sweat and cicadas, boiled rice and bicycles"—led to what he calls "a friendly tension between the authorities and myself." Because he speaks Chinese, they were worried that he spent too much time mingling with the people. Politely but firmly, they tried to keep him from browsing in local bookstores, visiting abandoned churches or even (in Shanghai) on buying local newspapers.

Shabby Militancy. Despite the zealous attention of his guides and hosts, Terrill was able to produce a report that sparkles with vivid, neatly turned insights. Plastered with fading banners left over from the Cultural Revolution, Canton "has a face of shabby militancy." The sight of people eagerly studying Maoist

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literature, Terrill suggests, "would surely delight an eighteenth-century philosopher; the 'Word' is sovereign." He was amused to find that brassieres, "though widely available in shops, were not, it seemed, in frequent use."

Terrill found China in the grip of a "mental unity" created by "the myth of Mao thought." Yet in daily life he noted an "appealing imprecision. People wander around; daydream. They don't mince like Japanese, but amble as men in secure possession of the earth under their feet." He also was struck by the candor of those he interviewed. At Canton's Sun Yat-sen University, he talked with Professor Fu Chih-lung, a Minnesota Ph.D. in biology, who had given up theoretical research to develop a new breed of insects that would kill agricultural pests. "It's like the Nixon Doctrine," his guide remarked dryly. "Asians to fight Asians."

Political Laboratory. Kuo Mo-jo, the venerable head of China's Academy of Sciences, was surprised to learn from Terrill that one of his books, *Ancient Chinese Society*, was still on sale, even though Kuo was reported to have ordered it burned during the Cultural Revolution. He nonetheless autographed Terrill's copy and let out the news that Chairman Mao, at 77, is learning English, and enjoys tossing around newly learned phrases like "law-and-order."

Terrill is cautious in drawing conclusions, perhaps because he is a scholar as well as a journalist. He has a doctorate in political science from Harvard, where he teaches at the East Asian Research Center. He is also a foreign policy adviser to Australia's Labor Party Leader E. Gough Whitlam. "I do not think the Chinese should be treated like men from Mars," says Terrill, who last visited the mainland in 1964. "We have to ask them the same questions we ask ourselves. China is one of the most interesting political laboratories of modern times." For further proof of this truism, Sinologists are eagerly awaiting a second article by Terrill, on China and the world, that will appear in the January issue of the *Atlantic*.

The War of the Weeklies

Cutthroat newspaper competition is on the wane in most U.S. cities, but not in Boston. The big daily papers, the *Globe*, the *Herald Traveler*, and the *Record American*, are not scrapping. But two small weeklies that feature radical politics, rock-music and movie reviews, plus gamy classified ads, are presently engaged in a fierce—and profitable—battle for readers and revenues. Moreover, their hard-digging reporting is beginning to stir up the downtown dailies as well.

Until recently, *Boston After Dark* was little more than a modest entertainment guide with a giveaway circulation of about 30,000. Its only competition was the Cambridge *Phoenix*, which was run by a radical collective and had a circulation of only 890. But

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BOSTON after dark

Tom Pappas:
The Bostonian
Behind the
Greek Junta



"BAD" & TED GROSS

seven months ago, *Phoenix* was bought by Ray Reipen, 35, a Harvard Law School graduate, and Richard Missner, 28, who has a degree from the Harvard Business School. They hired an able staff of ten newsmen and imported Harper Barnes, a reporter from the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, as editor. Early this year Missner bought out his partner and proceeded to plow about \$350,000 of his own money into his new property—money that he is now beginning to recoup.

Trash-Can War. To get out of the red, Missner employed hundreds of hungry young hawkers in blue jeans and headbands who swarmed over Boston and Cambridge every Monday morning, making 20¢ on every 25¢ copy sold. *Boston-After Dark* soon felt the impact of this sales army and began to press upon each willing *Phoenix* hawkster 50 free copies of *BAD*, also to be sold at 25¢ apiece. *Phoenix* retaliated by offering the hawksters one, then two free copies of *Phoenix* for every copy of *BAD* they tossed in the trash can. Eventually, the hawkster war was ended by court order. By that time, *Phoenix's* paid circulation had risen to 33,000 and *BAD's* to 20,000 (plus another 67,000 copies distributed free).

As competition between the papers tightened, *BAD* strengthened its news coverage. Both papers did hard-hitting pieces on a Boston fire that took eight lives last April, and for weeks published details about negligence in the building industry; finally the city dailies picked up the trail. The *BAD* staff took particular delight in the fact that

their story on the FBI investigation of Daniel Ellsberg was picked up by the *Washington Post*, syndicated, and eventually appeared in the *Boston Globe*.

The Competition Myth. The better of the two papers is the *Phoenix*. As Publisher Missner sees it, most newspapers are merely "reactive," reporting news when institutions release it. The function of a weekly, he says, is "to find out and explain how local institutions work, and what the people who run them are like. And that can involve anything from how to buy meat at Haymarket to explanations about how government surveillance operates." In three recent issues, *Phoenix* published a long, comprehensive report on real estate profiteering and the resulting urban problems in Cambridge. As *Phoenix* sees it, the villains are Harvard University, M.I.T. and the city's chief tax assessor, among others.

Since the *BAD-Phoenix* rivalry began, the *Boston Globe* has stepped up its investigative reports and expanded its weekend entertainment coverage. "The competition," says *Globe* Editor Tom Winship, "is going to keep us on our toes." Another result of the newspaper war is a change in the attitudes of some of the young radical newsmen. Says *BAD* Editor Ted Gross, 26: "A lot of us tend to think that the great American myth of competition is crap. But there is something about the competition of two papers that makes working for them of reading them exciting. It's what the rest of the media need."



Wednesday Final Vote Registration Day... pg. 3.



"PHOENIX" & RICHARD MISSNER


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EATON

BUSINESS

An Aerospace Giant Tries Earthwork

AS members of an industry that is fading in both glamour and profits, aerospace companies are frequently exhorted by authorities on the nation's resources to come back to earth for their recovery. The same technological precision and managerial skill that succeeded in landing men on the moon, so the theory goes, should be of enormous value in solving problems that many Americans today consider far more crucial than exploring space—cleaning up the environment, for example, or getting-around faster on the ground. There is more than a little glibness in the notion, because it embodies the peculiarly American assumption that any problem is amenable to technological solution. Even so, one of the hardest-hit aerospace giants—Seattle's Boeing Co.—is proving that there is potential profit in earthwork too.

Unique Advice. Boeing's problems grew increasingly acute over the past three years when virtually its only two customers, the U.S. Government and commercial airlines, cut back drastically on orders. As the company's employment in the Puget Sound area fell steadily from a high of 102,000 in 1968 to 47,838 a year ago, plunging Seattle into a depression, Boeing President T.A. Wilson appointed a top-level task force to study possibilities for new projects. After two months of work, the group submitted a recommendation unique in the annals of blue-sky business: Boeing should get busy in the areas of surface transportation and community development, among others. As if to validate the committee's judgment, the Senate promptly voted to withdraw federal support from the \$1.2 billion supersonic transport project, for which Boeing was prime contractor. Vowed Wilson: "Our objective is to have 33% of Boeing's total business in nontraditional areas by 1980."

Boeing lost little time in starting toward that goal. In August the company was named manager of a Transportation Department-sponsored project that will provide rapid transit along a 3.5-mile stretch of traffic-clogged roadway in Morgantown, W. Va., connecting the three campuses of West Virginia University and the downtown area. Boeing and subcontractors will build the track line and about 85 electrically powered, computer-operated cars. Commuters will be able to signal the vehicles, which carry 17 passengers and run at speeds up to 30 m.p.h., to stop by pushing buttons located inside the cars and at each terminal. Boeing officials have promised to have the system in full operation by the end of 1973. Boeing also won a \$10.5 million contract to oversee research into the latest technological and

design advances in urban rapid transit.

The Boeing diversification committee's recommendation for community development projects was logical because of a lease that the company holds until the year 2040 on 100,000 acres of land in northeastern Oregon. Originally planned as a test site for rockets, the sagebrush-dotted wilderness now is scheduled to become a thriving agricultural and industrial community. Later this month Boeing will begin construction of a 42-in. irrigation pipeline. The company plans to plant a potato crop in March, and it has sublet part of the tract to Japanese chicken growers, who will use the land to grow alfalfa. To enrich the sandy soil, Boeing and a Portland group, Columbia Processors Cooperative, are experimenting with a fertilizer made from Portland's waste products. "Even for the Boeing Co.," says Aerospace Vice President Oliver Bouleau, "it's never too late to start hauling manure, irrigating land and planting potatoes."

"Farmer Boeing," as project officials sometimes call the company, plans to follow the potatoes with industrial development. Eventually, plans call for creation of a 10,000-resident city on the site of Boardman, Ore. (current pop. 337). In addition to these projects, Boeing has gone into a variety of other fields. The Los Angeles police department recently bought several units of a Boeing radio scrambler that prevents public monitoring of police calls. The company is also overseeing construction in the Seattle area of housing projects that demonstrate new modular and prefabricated building techniques. In partnership with El Paso Natural Gas Co. and Reading & Bates, Boeing formed the Resources Conservation Co., which last week opened a desalination plant in El Paso and recently won a contract to build a similar operation at Caneel Bay Plantation in the Virgin Islands.

Striking Glimpse. The sudden interest in earthwork at Boeing has hardly taken the company out of the skies. On the contrary, Boeing engineers are producing ever more spectacular aircraft designs, including one for a twelve-engine "brute lifter" three times the size of the 747 jet that could haul, for example, 8,000 bbl. of crude petroleum. Recent successes in aerospace sales accounted for almost all of the company's nine-month earnings of \$18.2 million this year, up nearly \$1,000,000 over the same period in 1970. But Boeing's new outlook may well provide a striking glimpse into the future. As the troubled aerospace giants find themselves forced to diversify, some of them could move into radically new areas, says Boeing's Glenn L. Keister, head of aero-

space research and development: "We are going to respond to social needs. If we do not, we will be a limited company."

For some 5,000 Boeing employees, the company's new directions have already satisfied an important social need. After the collapse of the SST project, Boeing officials predicted that Seattle employment would sink to 29,500 by year's end. Instead, thanks primarily to early successes in its socially oriented experiments, Boeing plans to end 1971 with a work force of 35,000.

MODEL OF TWELVE-ENGINE "BRUTE LIFTER"



BOEING OFFICIAL AT BOARDMAN SITE



MOCK-UP OF MORGANTOWN TRANSIT CAR



SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY Discouraging a Do-Gooder

Many voices today insist that the businessman should turn the resources of his company toward solving social problems. H. Ladd Plumley, chairman of State Mutual Life Assurance Co. of America in Worcester, Mass., would add a qualifier: The public-spirited executive had better be prepared to face citizen suspicion and bureaucratic pettifoggery.

In 1968, the Worcester Redevelopment Authority asked State Mutual, the nation's 27th largest life insurance company (assets: \$1.2 billion), to help rebuild the city's blighted Laurel-Clayton section. Plumley decided to erect 430 units of low- and middle-income housing and invested \$11.8 million of company loan and equity money in the project. He hired Architect Benjamin Thompson of Cambridge and told him to design a complex that would be "more than just another public-housing project."

Adequate Expense. Right away, State Mutual found itself immersed in controversy. Since it was determined to plan something new, the company could not announce just what it would build, so, Plumley recalls, "there was only an announcement that something would be destroyed." Blacks in the racially mixed area feared that the undescribed project would be limited to white tenants; whites feared that it would be limited to blacks. Community leaders began to charge that State Mutual was interested in profit rather than public service, since the company stood to make an 8.2% return on its investment. That cry was echoed by radical college students who marched on company headquarters, forcing the Worcester police department to call out its riot squad.

Thompson eventually designed a tasteful 16-story tower surrounded by 3-story

buildings that curve gracefully around old trees, lawns and playgrounds. Plumley thought it essential that the Federal Housing Administration certify the project for rental assistance to low-income tenants. The FHA, however, was nonplused by his insistence on building something other than a clump of high-rise boxes. First, the FHA objected that site costs were too low. The Worcester Redevelopment Authority proposed to sell 17 acres of land to State Mutual for \$43,000, but FHA rules called for a minimum of \$500 per dwelling unit, or \$215,000. State Mutual managed to convince the bureaucrats that the costs of clearing the land would make the site adequately expensive. Architect Thompson wanted to preserve the natural beauty of the area's rolling hills, but FHA regulations specify walkways with grades no steeper than 8% to accommodate mothers pushing baby carriages. After weeks of haggling, the FHA finally assented to walkways with a 10% grade.

Five months ago, a workman on the site accidentally dug into a gas main, touching off an explosion that injured eleven people, none seriously, and caused further delay. Now State Mutual is fighting an antiquated provision in the state building code that would force the company to hang fire escapes over the façades of the low-rise buildings. The project complies with Worcester's more modern fire code.

Critical Exposure. State Mutual has finally accomplished its public service goals. Whites, blacks, and Spanish Americans are moving into the project, now called Plumley Village East—a year and a half behind schedule. Most of them live in more attractive apartments at lower cost than in the old houses that were torn down.

Chairman Plumley, however, is discouraged. The delays have pushed construction costs from the \$11.8 million originally estimated to nearly \$15 million. State Mutual will have to settle for a 51 annual return on its investment, v. the 9% to 10% that the company could earn financing a purely commercial housing venture. Plumley, who last month announced his retirement at age 69, is even more annoyed by "the cost of exposing yourself to criticism that you know is unjust." He adds: "I believe there were other companies in this community who would have been interested in helping, just as we did. I doubt that they would be interested now."

WESTERN EUROPE A Fortune from Fowl Fare

Austrian-born Friedrich Jahn is Europe's answer to Howard Johnson, or maybe Colonel Sanders. Through his chicken-lickin' Wienerwald restaurants, which have spread across Europe and into the U.S., he works to satisfy a hungry middle class. The chain grossed \$115 million last year and should do at least 10% better this year. Last month Jahn opened new outposts in Vienna

INTERFOTO



JAHN EATING LUNCH IN MUNICH
Still a waiter's mind.

and Nuremberg; he plans others in Scandinavia, Britain and South Africa. "I wouldn't be surprised," he says, "if one day there is a Wienerwald in Nigeria or Kenya."

Part of Jahn's rise to eminence as Europe's biggest chain restaurateur is the result of using American methods of mass purchasing and strict cost controls. Another ingredient is a deft instinct for customers' inner needs. His restaurants are *gemütlich*, the food is solid, and the prices are 10% to 20% lower than almost anywhere else—precisely what he would want for himself, despite his success. A chief deputy, Rolf Schielein, says of Jahn: "Basically, he has retained his waiter's mind."

Idea from Oktoberfest. "My grandfather in Austria was an innkeeper, and so was my father," Jahn says. By the time Friedrich was five, he was serving pretzels in the family tavern in Linz. After World War II, he became headwaiter in Munich's Intermezzo, a strip joint that for some reason also served food. In 1955, he invested his savings of \$3,000 to acquire a nearby winchouse. Refurbishing and a hearty, inexpensive menu kept the eatery full. Jahn's real breakthrough came after a slightly tipsy customer suggested that he feature the kind of roast chicken sold during Munich's Oktoberfest. To cook the birds, Jahn invented a special rotating spit and sold half a chicken for only 65c.

When Jahn opened his second restaurant in Stuttgart, he wanted a suitable name, redolent of Austria. From Johann Strauss's *Tales from the Vienna Woods*, inspiration struck. Jahn traveled to the U.S. "to learn the system"—and then added a thick Germanic accent.

The restaurants have standardized décor, which, despite the chain's name, is ersatz Tyrolean rather than Viennese. Each unit combines such decorations

KIDS PLAYING AT PLUMLEY VILLAGE



Seattle is sending drunk drivers to a resort.

Nestled among the scenic mountains of King County, Washington, is a lodge called Cedar Hills.

It's out in the boondocks, what Seattlers call the dingweeds, and where a lot of surprised problem-drinking drivers are finding themselves after their second offense.

Here the Seattle/King County Alcohol Safety Action Program is conducting an innovational behavior modification program called PDD/CRASH.

(Problem Drinking Driver/Court Referred Action for Safer Highways.)

It's thirty days of intensive education and group dynamics, and it hopes to change the problem drinker's attitude toward his problem and toward his drinking as it relates to driving.

It's thirty days of help in place of thirty days in jail, which were doing no one any good.

PDD/CRASH is a brand new program. Only a handful of people have been through it so far.

It's still too early to measure success, but it is a rational, constructive step in the right direction.

PDD/CRASH is only part of the program being conducted in Seattle. Through their total effort and through efforts made by other Alcohol Safety Action Programs across the country, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration expects to come up with recommendations for an effective nationwide program to stop drunk driving.

State Farm endorses this effort because nearly thirty thousand drivers, passengers and pedestrians were killed last year in alcohol-related accidents.

The goal is to have 86 Alcohol Safety Action Programs throughout the country. To find out more about the programs and to find out what you can do to help them, write the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, Department of Transportation, Washington, D. C. 20590



STATE FARM MUTUAL AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: Bloomington, Illinois



as gingham curtains, fake wooden beams, simulated carriage lamps, leatherette settees and plastic flowers. The menu has remained basically fowl, emphasizing chicken in several forms, with a few excursions into wurst and schnitzel. The birds are heavily laced with salt and paprika, which tends to give customers a powerful thirst. Jahn's cash registers thus tickle along with sales of wine and beer.

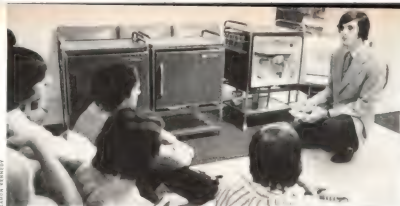
On to America. Jahn has now opened nine restaurants in New York City. He talks of soon buying and redecorating a chain of 350 restaurants across the U.S. Another new venture is a string of four hotels in Europe.

Now 48, Jahn rules the roost as chairman, president and sole stockholder of his Zurich-based Wienerwald Share Corp. Estimates of his fortune start at \$70 million. He is completely debt free. "I've always operated with my own means, independent of banks," he says. Jahn travels constantly, spending six days a month in the U.S. For short trips he favors one of his five chauffeur-driven Mercedes-Benz 300s. For longer hops he uses one of his three aircraft. Once aloft, the millionaire ex-headwaiter, often in shirtsleeves and with blue eyes gleaming, serves sandwiches and coffee to his executives.

ADVERTISING

Smelling Trouble

It sounds like an adman's daydream: instead of agonizing about picking a flashy name for a new product, choose the name first, design an ad campaign around it—and then create the product. Jack Cantwell thought it could be done, and when he formed an ad agency in March 1970, he set his staff to thinking up names for a men's cologne. Shortly after, Creative Director Jerry Weinman tossed at Cantwell a crumpled wad of paper that had "trouble" written all over it. To Cantwell, it sounded like a sexy name suggesting that the man who



S.M.U. STUDENT DEMONSTRATING RENTAL REFRIGERATORS

The only profits are nonfinancial.

wore the product would be in delightful trouble with the girls who caught his scent.

Mennen Co. executives duly designed an aftershave lotion and cologne that they hoped would match the name. Some users might not think it does: the product has a faintly antiseptic odor reminiscent of pine air fresheners. No matter; since Mennen introduced the product nationally on Oct. 11 (\$2.50 for the lotion, \$3.50 for the cologne), Cantwell has drenched the nation with TV and radio spots, lapel buttons and newspaper ads stressing the cologne's long-lasting effects ("a little Trouble in the morning and you've got Trouble all day long"). So far, Mennen reports sales doing exceptionally well. But officials will not know until Christmas if they have a winner or . . . well . . . trouble.

SMALL BUSINESS

Bootstrap Teaching

Typically, business schools teach management as a science and, through case-method paper exercises, train their students to fit into large corporations. Southern Methodist University in Dallas, however, wants to turn out not organization men but wheeler-dealers in the Texas style of Computer Centimillionaire H. Ross Perot and Financier John D. Murchison, both S.M.U. trustees. So the students are learning primarily by becoming small-scale entrepreneurs while they are still undergraduates.

S.M.U. trustees broke with tradition two years ago after determining that their 625-student business school was mediocre. To shake things up, they hired C. Jackson Grayson Jr., a mild-mannered man with radical education ideas who graduated from the Wharton and Harvard business schools, is fascinated by oil wildcatting and race horses, and once headed Tulane's business school. Three weeks ago, President Nixon tapped Grayson to head his Price Commission.

Intuitive Grading. Grayson believes that entrepreneurs succeed by freeing themselves from convention. So he immediately threw out all required courses except an orientation seminar that concentrates on sensitivity training and meditation. "We are interested not just

in rational Western thought but in the intuitive, noncognitive approach," he says. Otherwise, students write their own course programs. Next, Grayson encouraged students to help found or run small businesses on campus. Students receive course credits for their businesses, and some agree to split any profits with faculty members who invest money or time in their ideas.

This novel approach has spawned novel problems. Professors face a nightmare in grading students on intangibles like imagination, integrity and initiative. Moreover, the basic idea has so far flunked the ultimate business test: profit. No student enterprise has yet run in the black—even though many are guided by John L. Welsh, an S.M.U. staff member and former businessman, who sometimes invests in the schemes himself with the unabashed intention of "making a lot of money."

Profiting from Failure. One budding entrepreneur, Ed McBirney, 19, rents \$68.94 refrigerators to students for \$25 per semester. All his receipts go toward paying off his 100 refrigerators but he profits in a nonfinancial way: 75 customers are datable women. Students also lease trailer-borne marquees to Dallas stores, or design football bumper stickers and sell them to alumni. Some enterprises die aborning. Jerry White, 26, devised a plastic sheathing to protect telephone poles from woodpeckers but found it too expensive to produce. Other students are still gamely trying to develop a drown-proof infant bathtub, a self-testing kit for lung cancer and a transistorized gadget that would automatically squirt out air freshener every few minutes. But, as Bob Lyle, the 30-year-old acting dean, points out, even failure teaches students something about business.

Like its student entrepreneurs, S.M.U.'s business school has yet to turn the corner. Grayson began a campaign to raise \$37 million, including \$12 million requested from Ross Perot. With that money, believes Lyle, the school could be self-sustaining by 1981. Besides, says one faculty member, there is always the hope that "one of these young people will come up with something like the Hula-Hoop"—and that money will roll in on its own.

TV AD FOR COLOGNE



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New PALL MALL Filter King.

20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

No Revelation in Rome

As the international Synod of Bishops went into its final days in Rome last week, some Catholics still clung to the hope that it would somehow prove a dramatic sequel to the Second Vatican Council. Close by the Vatican's new audience hall, where the prelates conferred in splendid isolation, liberals who wanted definitive reforms manned command posts and held daily press briefings. Those who think Pope Paul is not traditional enough pressed for a more conservative line. Members of the right wing's yippie element lobbied in their own way by sloshing paint on the coats of arms of two liberal cardinals.

In the end there was no new revelation on how the church could deal with its pressing problems (see *TIME*



UKRAINIAN CARDINAL SLIPTYI
Breaking an eight-year silence.

ESSAY, opposite). The synod is a sounding board, not a legislature. The Pope summons it, sets its agenda, and decides what to do with its recommendations. This fall it has merely affirmed—and in some cases lagged behind—positions Pope Paul has already taken.

Significant Margin. There was no surprise in last week's vote on maintaining the rule of celibacy for priests—the most sensitive issue under debate. But the margin of victory was so lopsided as to close the question: 168 bishops voted yes; 21 said yes pending amendments, and only ten said no.

A halfway measure to widen ordination of already married men got nowhere, although it produced last week's liveliest discussion. Liberals had hoped that such ordination would be urged for countries where priests are in short supply. The final wording, however, left

the matter wholly up to the Pope. Conservatives and liberals alike were disgruntled by confused synod procedures. Said Archbishop Joachim Ndayen of the Central African Republic: "We didn't come thousands of kilometers to dance a farandole."

While the bishops upheld Paul's conservatism on church matters, on their other big issue, social justice, they were struggling to catch up with the liberal stand he took in an encyclical as long ago as 1967. Their final document, "Justice in the World," consisted largely of bland generalities on such topics as economics and ecology, and was sent to the Pope without public release. It protested "injustices deprived of a voice," but stopped short of citing specific situations such as those in Brazil and South Africa. On the population problem, the statement suggested that abortion and the "unjust imposition" of contraception could be equated with war as violations of "the right to life."

The bishops also attempted to apply improved standards of justice within the church. Women, they declared, should have a role of "responsibility and participation" in the church as well as society. But they excised the word "equal," which might have been construed as a vote for female priests.

Ukrainian Defiance. More significant than any of the synod's actions was the result of a mail ballot by bishops round the world. It handed a thumping defeat to the proposed text of a church "constitution," a preamble to the new code of canon law. The document, known as the *Lex Fundamentalis*, had been the target of a sustained assault by progressives because of its emphasis on authoritarian aspects of the church (*TIME*, Aug. 30).

Still, the month's only dramatic action came not from much-publicized liberal quarters, but from the church's Ukrainian hierarchy. Exiled Josyf Cardinal Sliptyi took the synod floor to break an eight-year silence over the persecution of the 4,500,000 Roman Catholic Ukrainians, who have been forced into Eastern Orthodoxy by the Soviet regime. They have, he said, "sacrificed rivers of blood and mountains of bodies because of their fidelity to the Apostolic See, but they are defended by no one"—an obvious attack on Pope Paul's diplomatic *Ospolittik*. The Ukrainians want an independent patriarchate, but the Vatican has refused because modern patriarchates are national churches. This would give encouragement to Ukrainian separatism, upsetting Vatican diplomacy toward Communism and the Russian Orthodox Church. In desperation, Sliptyi and 14 bishops defied papal orders and held a well-planned rump "synod" of their own, with moral support from 150 Ukrainian laymen who flew in from North America by chartered plane.

TOWARD A

ROME—Now that the third session of the international Synod of Roman Catholic Bishops is over, what has really taken place? The synod, like the two others held since the Second Vatican Council, was less than the council had intended when it recommended such meetings as a way for the bishops to have a continuing voice in church developments. Today's synods, unable to exercise any real power of their own, merely advise the Pope of the bishops' thinking on subjects of import. This time the subjects were of import indeed: the crisis in the priestly ministry and the church's role in bringing peace and justice to the world. But the results reveal all too clearly the high cost of the bishops' lack of power. Despite flashes of fine intention and bold suggestion during the past five weeks, nothing really has been accomplished, little really changed. Time may see some of the well-meaning talk translated into action, but time has long since become a luxury. The world has begun to yawn.

It seems almost sacrilegious to yawn at Rome, even in the secular sense. The city is still overwhelmingly attractive, indeed seductive: an Eternal City, according to the cliché, insinuating its spirit of timelessness into those who visit it. That attribute may be unfortunate for Roman Catholic churchmen. For while one can stand in Rome, innocently confident that the Catholic world still spins around the Vatican in reverent orbit, the facts are different. There are times when the center cannot hold, as Yeats said. Most especially it cannot hold when it is the center of an institution that fails to comprehend—or merely ignores—the centrifugal forces that are tearing at its edges. It is just that lack of comprehension that characterized the synod.

The attitude may be understandable in men who know in advance, as the synod delegates did, that the final say on any subject belongs to an increasingly besieged Pope. But, to a waiting world, the seeming immobility of the hierarchy is inexplicable. Perhaps the real question this autumn is not so much what the bishops have or have not done as whether the Catholics of the world seriously care about what they do at all. Most bishops may still listen to the Pope, but fewer and fewer priests listen to either the Pope or their bishops—and many of the laity are beginning to listen to no one. It is not so much the beliefs of the church that have come into question—though some of those, too, have been challenged—as the structure itself. The synapses no longer connect: the mystical body of Christ seems to have suffered a nervous breakdown.

MORE FALLIBLE CHURCH

It was only six years ago, at the end of Vatican II, that the Catholic Church seemed to be glowing with new health. What happened? And why? One factor in the upset was Vatican II itself. For four centuries, ever since the Council of Trent countered Protestant reform by consolidating Catholic belief and practice, it had been clear enough what was Catholic and what was not. Though the church frequently required personal sacrifice or demanded personal hardship, it seemed to have all the answers. Vatican II forever changed that, and some people never forgave it.

If Vatican Council II was the bitter pill that caused conservative alienation, it was Pope Paul's no-pill *Humanae Vitae* that most embittered liberals. The tragedy of that encyclical was that it could have been a proud plea for the dignity of human life—as many of the overlooked paragraphs remain—at a time when human engineering was raising serious moral questions. Instead, in forbidding artificial birth control, it discouraged not only fervent Catholics who believed in change but those borderline Catholics for whom change might have been a hopeful sign.

Celibacy, birth control, marriage laws and other matters of dogma and discipline may be in the forefront, but the real crisis in the church is one of authority—and whether the government of the church can still command it in the minds of many Catholics. "Authority belongs to those who have authentic voices," writes Maryknoll Psychologist Eugene C. Kennedy in a new book, *In the Spirit, in the Flesh*, "those who speak to the experience and hopes of mankind."

Too often these past few years, the voices have not been heard from the middle-of-the-road majority of the hierarchy, either in the U.S. or abroad. They have come from loyal independents like Brazil's Dom Helder Câmara, battling for his nation's poor, or Belgium's Leo-Jozef Cardinal Suenens, pleading for a greater role in the church for bishops, priests and laymen as well. Often they have come from outside the hierarchy altogether: from Daniel and Philip Berigan, languishing in jail for the cause of peace; from the irrepressible Hans Küng, refusing to be read out of the church and telling the Pope that infallibility is a wrong idea.

One thing that might restore such authority to the Pope and his bishops is a new, more flexible vision of the church, less dependent on the sort of legal complexities that bogged down the synod. What the church needs to be, argues Kennedy, is not an organization but a family, "where, when you have to go

there... They have to take you in." Such a family, he says, fosters "an atmosphere of growth rather than a domain of control." In short, he says, it "makes room for everybody" because in the end it is the home of sinners.

The long tradition of a "sinners' church" is perhaps the most commanding reason for the survival of Catholicism. Catholic theology is neither a theology of the elect, in which man is saved or lost from the beginning, nor a theology entirely of faith, in which man is saved by faith alone. In essence, it sees man's life on earth as a daily gamble to be won or lost as each man may choose. However much the reality of hell may be dimmed among today's Catholics, they retain the conviction that it is still quite possible to lose one's soul—or save it.

Belgian Theologian-Psychologist Antoine Vergote believes that the young, searching again for religion, will increasingly find their answers in Catholicism because it perceives and preserves the tension between the immanent and the transcendent, the human and the divine. Nowhere is that better illustrated than in the continuing Catholic devotion to the Eucharist, the centerpiece of the Mass and what theologian Marc Oraison calls "the only essential, the only ultimately important reality." Catholic left and Catholic right may disagree over the words by which they define it, but not on its ultimate importance. Some of the angry differences today might fade if the church could adopt within itself the sort of ecumenical spirit that it now shows to churches without—if conservatives and liberals could sit down more often around the eucharistic table to discuss one another's problems.

Practical proposals abound, of course, regarding the church's problems. Church Historian John Tracy Ellis insists, along with many others, that U.S. clergy and laity must be given real power in electing their bishops. Activist Priest Joost Reuten of Holland would like to see a Pope along the lines of Dag Hammarskjöld, presiding over churches of distinct national character but acting as an arbitrator and innovator among them. Reuten, like a growing number of liberals, would not want to see the papacy disappear; too often in the past, an appeal to Rome has been the liberal's only recourse against a reactionary local episcopacy. But Reuten would prefer to see such cases go to an international tribunal, not to "one old man" in the church.

Church government, like secular government, is a resolution of contradictions. The priests and people of a diocese ought to be able to oust a totalitarian or senile bishop, but the church

simply cannot become a popularity contest. There will continue to be times when church teachers must be prophetic, pastors authoritarian, bishops angry. Silly theologians should be told when they are silly; silly Popes should be told the same. There should be only one limiting criterion: the church and churchmen ought to stress the humanity and fallibility of the church rather than its immutability and triumphalism.

Humanity, after all, is the saving grace of the church. Jesus Christ, it believes, is God, but he is human too. For all its excesses, past and present, the Catholic Church is an institution of incredibly diverse humanity, a church of people. Underneath the surface of this reluctant third synod ran a discernible strain of awakening humanity that may, in the long run, make the synod more important than it seemed. It is nothing

PICTORIAL PARADOX



SIT-DOWN MASS

new for a gathering of prelates to be confused, but it is new for many of them to admit that they are confused—to question the very methods that they use for advising the Pope.

The church's salvation, like mankind's, is a long way off, and the impatient would do well to get used to that idea. Meantime, to be a Roman Catholic is to live in a church with growing pains, complete with the special anguish that that implies. The hope is that the church is growing, as the evangelist Luke said of the young Jesus, in wisdom and grace. It is a perilous hope. That sort of growth does not come easily, nor without scars. Even when it seems that it should, it does not happen quickly, or exactly how all the diverse members of the church feel that it should.

• Mayo Mahy

MEDICINE

Cancer Census

The complex of diseases known as cancer is not only the most feared of human maladies, it is also the most baffling. Man's counterattack against it has produced victories of a sort: 40 years ago, less than one-fifth of all known victims survived five years after diagnosis; now one-third live at least that long. Yet a basic understanding of cancer's causes and cure is still elusive—and the casualty list is growing. This year the death count will amount to 339,000 in the U.S. In 1972, according to the National Cancer Institute and the American Cancer Society, the figure will rise to 345,000.

The NCI bases its report on a new study that covered areas with a combined population of 20 million.* The survey is the most complete ever undertaken, and will analyze statistics from at least one more state and Puerto Rico before it is completed in 1973. Meanwhile, the preliminary findings, which include the projection that more than 600,000 new cancers will be diagnosed in the coming year, point to changing patterns. Items:

► In women, the overall incidence of

cancer is decreasing. Since 1947, the rate has dropped from 294 per 100,000 to 256. Fatalities among women have also declined dramatically, largely because of earlier detection of uterine cancer, which is almost always curable if treated promptly. In 1940, uterine cancer caused the death of 27.9 out of every 100,000 women. By 1968, the figure had fallen to 10.6. Breast cancer, however, remains a constant threat.

► For men, the peril is rising. Since 1947, the male cancer rate has climbed from 280 per 100,000 to 304, while the death rate has risen by nearly 40%. Tumors of the prostate and colon account for part of the increase, but lung cancer is the biggest factor in the upsurge. The lung-cancer death rate among American men is three times greater than in 1947; next year the disease is expected to kill 56,000. Women are also suffering from lung cancer in growing numbers.

► Blacks are proportionately more vulnerable than whites. Black men are 65% more likely to suffer from cancer of the prostate than whites, 250% more susceptible to cancer of the esophagus. Black women are 25% less likely to develop cancers of the breast or uterus than whites, but 115% more likely to get cancer of the cervix.

These and other statistical trends



PATIENT UNDERGOING X-RAY EXAMINATION
Interesting new trends...

have not yet been fully analyzed, but some theories are emerging. The National Cancer Institute's assistant director, Dr. Anthony Bruno, believes that women are more likely than men to seek medical help as soon as symptoms appear. Together with improved treatment methods for certain types of cancer, this attitude would account for the decrease of fatalities among women. But there is no explanation of why incidence of the disease is fall-

* Iowa, plus Detroit, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Pittsburgh, Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas-Fort Worth, Denver and San Francisco-Oakland.

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RESEARCHER STUDYING CANCER CELLS
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ing for one sex while rising for the other. Nor is there any evidence in the NCI survey to suggest that the difference between the races is based on genetics. Diet, environment, access to medical treatment, work patterns—all these may be involved. But Bruno stresses that much more research will be necessary before firm conclusions can be drawn from the cancer census.

There may soon be a large increase in that research. Congress has been de-

bating new federal approaches to cancer since last winter. At that time Senator Edward Kennedy proposed the creation of a separate cancer agency outside the National Institutes of Health. The Nixon Administration responded with a plan of its own for an expanded NCI within NIH, then was forced into a surrender disguised as a compromise (TIME, July 5). The Senate subsequently passed a bill, 79 to 1, creating an ambitiously named Conquest of Cancer Agency. It would be administratively and financially independent of NIH, though nominally part of the agency. The theory behind both plans is that medicine knows enough about the disease to adopt a crash-program approach comparable to the Manhattan Project during World War II.

Overkill. But many scientists argue that not enough has yet been done in basic cancer research. They fear, rightly or wrongly, that an organizational change would enmesh the cancer budget in politics and divert too much money from science efforts to clinical approaches. This fall they picked up an ally in the person of Florida Congressman Paul Rogers, chairman of the House Public Health and Welfare Subcommittee. Rogers drafted a bill to expand cancer research in the NCI within the present NIH-NCI framework. Before the House bill could be reported out, however, some proponents of the Senate

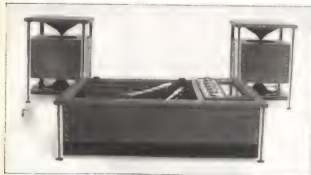
bill counterattacked. They bought space in 22 newspapers serving the home districts of each House subcommittee member. The ad supported an independent cancer agency and urged readers to write to their Congressmen.

The campaign proved to be a case of overkill. Most subcommittee members resented what they considered an attempt at intimidation; one argued that the money spent on the ads could have been better spent on cancer research. All the subcommittee members ultimately went along with Rogers and cleared his bill, which increases the number of NCI research centers from eight to 23, speeds up the process of awarding study grants, and takes backers of the Administration's bill off the hook by creating a presidential watchdog commission to oversee an expanded NCI. Scheduled to reach the floor of the House later this month, the bill is expected to pass. Some tough House-Senate bargaining is likely to extend into the politicking of 1972. The chances are good that some form of the legislation will be enacted before the presidential election and all factions will doubtless claim credit. The extra funds and facilities should accelerate many programs, stimulate new ones and buy more of the sophisticated laboratory equipment researchers require. But the history of cancer research suggests that the enemy will continue to yield its secrets with excruciating slowness.

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BOOKS

Cabbage Moon

RABBIT REDUX by John Updike. 406 pages. Knopf. \$7.95.

The fullness ends when we give Nature her ransom, when we make children for her. Then she is through with us, and we become, first inside, and then outside, junk.

—Rabbit, Run

When last seen through the mist of such depressing lyrics, Harry ("Rabbit") Angstrom was hustling his 6 feet 3 inches over the drab surface of Mount Judge, Pa., and away from his responsibilities. That was in 1960 at the conclusion of John Updike's *Rabbit, Run*. Unlike Huckleberry Finn, Rabbit had no expansive territory ahead. Tethered by circumstances, he could only enjoy what Updike calls "a little ecstasy of motion."

Rabbit, Run appeared just after a decade that had seen the American family organized into malleable consuming units by television and magazines dedicated to "togetherness." It was a time of young marriages, early pregnancies and "coping." Rabbit's species, in fact, was rapidly proliferating in millions of small garden apartments from coast to coast. At 26, his exploits as a high school basketball star had faded into barbershop statistics. He was wedlocked to Janice Springer, the dim little bride who had sold nuts at the five and dime. He had fathered a daughter and a son, inheritor of those "little Springer hands" that preclude championship ball control. In his first escape attempt, Rabbit sought solace with a girl nearly as melancholy as himself. But he had to return home to bury his baby daughter who drowned after a drunken Janice misplaced the child in the bathtub.

In *Rabbit Redux* (Rabbit led back), Rabbit, at 36, is still married to Janice. The time is the apogee of the Swinging Sixties. Rawest obscurities have become household words. Adulteries are public events, and man is about to land on the moon—a lifeless body that Updike employs to suggest the deadness of Rabbit's own existence. Janice still has her special little knack for attracting attention: "I'm searching for a valid identity and I suggest you do the same," she tells Rabbit in her best TV talk-show jargon. Her search has led her to the bed and board of Charlie Stavros, a car salesman at her father's Toyota agency.

In effect, Rabbit has been dozing for ten years. War protesters, longhairs, demanding blacks and all the upheavals of

the decade have touched him only as agitated dream shadows on his TV set. His son Nelson, now 13, is still undersized and smallhanded. Home is a cheesy one-family house in a development on the outskirts of West Brewer, Pa. Mom Angstrom is dying; Pop works at Verity Press, where Rabbit finally wound up as a linotype operator.

Rabbit now sees himself as a C-minus human being, and practically boasts, "I don't think enough to know what I think." His gut reaction to difficult issues is a cynical conservatism. Like so many lifers with little hope of parole, he defends his prison because he must live in it. From this human and lit-



JOHN UPDIKE

A little ecstasy at the end of the tether.

erary dead end, Updike leads Rabbit back to a measure of vitality. Not surprisingly, the agents of change come courtesy of the youth rebellion and those threatening yet fascinating blacks.

Rabbit's Penn Villas warren becomes a crash pad for Jill, a teen-age runaway from suburban Connecticut, and a skinny black radical named Skeeter, a curious combination of Flip Wilson, Rap Brown and early Malcolm X. As in *Couples*, it is again a fire that destroys, purges or does whatever fire is supposed to do in such charged circumstances. Rabbit's house is burned down by Penn Villas residents who are less concerned about their property values than about their children watching Jill and Skeeter get high and fornicate.

Here are all the ingredients for a standard shocker. Still, Updike handles his characters with a combination of con-

trolled repugnance and tolerance that results in some very close readings of their emotional fevers. His style does not preclude tenderness, kindness or sensitivity, although he often seems like an experienced physician smoothly examining a naked patient. The effect is a fascination that distracts the mind from predictability of both plot and retribution. The end finds Rabbit and Janice joining up once again with the cold, metallic precision of a lunar landing vehicle docking with its command module after a mission. "O.K." is the last word of the novel. It is a taciturn echo of space talk, but it is also a grounded, middle-aged Updike saying, in effect, "What did you expect?"

Such a well-programmed novel might be described as "situation tragedy," were it not for the suspicion that Updike also intended a sort of nursery fable for grownups: naughty Rabbit gets into strange cabbage patches but is always chastened and led back home. Yet *Redux* is superior to recent novels that trudge after social significance like recruits in new boots. Updike, after all, owns a rare verbal genius, a gifted intelligence and a sense of tragedy made bearable by wit. How the truth about Janice's well-known affair finally gets on the kitchen table is a tidy masterpiece.

As a character, the older Rabbit is far from flawless. His tongue is sometimes a trifle too sharp for his faculties. But there is something hard and durable about him. It is as if his brief glory as an athlete left him with an inner grace that will never be completely hidden by the sawing of middle age. He possesses a certain openness and possibilities, if not for change, at least for further misadventure.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

Time Past Is Time Present

GOAT SONGS by John Weston. 242 pages. Atheneum. \$6.95.

A very good novella is crated like a cracked vase in this volume, padded between two undistinguished lesser fictions that serve only to give the book that solid \$6.95 heft. The unfortunate excelsior stories, *All My Bones* and *The Cull*, are summer-weight Southern gothic, in which the author follows the convention of this school by writing about the rural poor as if they were all dim-witted. The title work, *Goat Songs*, is something else. A series of erotic recollections links a man to his boyhood. The episodes are brief; a flicker of memory, a few moments of musing. Perceptions are intense, and in their heat the flesh of narrative falls away. Memory is capricious, not orderly, and important events occur in the silences between the chapters.

What the reader learns is this: six boys are born in the same summer in a village in the American Southwest. One dies young; five live to manhood. They separate, though bound together by their origin and by a mistress shared serially,

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No one is named. Each is referred to by his profession: the actor, the poet, the musician, the painter. That is four: the last, the curator of these memories, is a teacher of English.

Various clues—the single mistress, the lack of names and characterization, the fact that each of the four artists withers or dies after reaching renown—suggest what the author is up to. Goutish carnality is occasionally his medium, but he is writing about the mysterious web of past-present, the great arcs of possibility that bemuse a boy and, broken, haunt a man. His six characters are the mislaid and scattered pieces of one, the teacher who dreamed of painting, wrote a little, had a talent for music.

Author Weston, 39, was trained as a singer but now teaches English in California. He takes high risks with his prose, alternating portent-filled silence with runs of gaudy phrase. Yet the alternation works, because the book is an imitation of memory, and visual memory often works that way too. In the end, the teacher finds past and possibility gone, but he has arrived at himself. The author knows what it is to be a creature of time.

John Shaw

Erosion of Souls

VENDETTA OF SILENCE by Ann Cornelisen. 242 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$6.95.

What English heaths were to Thomas Hardy, the mountains of southern Italy are to Ann Cornelisen. In the isolated villages of the Lucanian Apennines, she has stumbled upon that ominous interaction between dour people and stark environment that comes to be called fate.

Here is a world almost lost to the 20th century. For the peasant living equally with squealing animals and squalling children in his tiny plastered hut, "five hundred years are only yesterday." His half-fearful, half-scorned authorities are the bishop—who uses "modern" as the synonym for "sinful"—and the handful of government bureaucrats with their forms and seals pettily executing justice and collecting taxes in moldering dual palaces. Time has stuck at late feudalism. In "an aura of stopped drains and tinkling bells," bony, dull-eyed children full of resentment grow into "tentative" men and "bleak, stubborn women" whose faces resemble eroded hillsides.

Torreque (1969). Miss Cornelisen's first book-length portrait of this living past, was a small classic. A documentary written like a novel, it dramatized a cultural collision that set a slightly brash ex-Vassar girl trying to organize nursery centers against a cast of southern Italians as passively resistant as one of their mountain roads. *Vendetta of Silence* is a novel written like a documentary. "At the request of my publishers and my lawyer, I have agreed to call this a novel," the author comments

NEW YORK




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ANN CORNELISEN

To be happy is to earn a curse.

in a pretentious note to what, among other things, is a murder story. The "arrested violence" of *Torregrecia*—all the bottled up, soured passion—has exploded here. In the explosion, Miss Cornelisen's wryly fond exasperation with her mountain folk darkens into something like their own despair.

The beginning is deceptively idyllic. An American writer with the initials A.C. moves into a little, apricot colored house overlooking the town of San Basilio. She intends to research a study of the near medieval lives of contemporary southern Italian women, but she soon gets far more than she asks for. Her friend Marina, a schoolteacher, turns out to have been the secret mistress of the previous occupant of the apricot house: Marco Santoro, a gifted teacher and that anomaly in San Basilio, "a hopeful man."

The lovers awaken each other from the trance that is life in San Basilio, but the town hates a survivor. To be happy is to earn a curse. When Marina crumbles at the prospect of malice and decides to abort their child, Marco kills himself—apparently. Even suicide is subtle in San Basilio. The sight of lives strangled by dead traditions offends Miss Cornelisen to the bottom of her reforming American soul. "Change is possible," she insists. "The future cannot be postponed forever." But what gives her theme the tension of tragedy is that she also loves her characters — God help her!—as they are.

In *Torregrecia* this division of the soul turned into art. In *Vendetta di Silence*, the writing is brilliant but fragmented—a composite of diaries (A.C.'s and Marco's), letters and tape recordings. It is as if the writer were walking around her subject in the fullness of her eloquence, in the fullness of her heart, trying to find the way in. The final pun-

The art of Linger



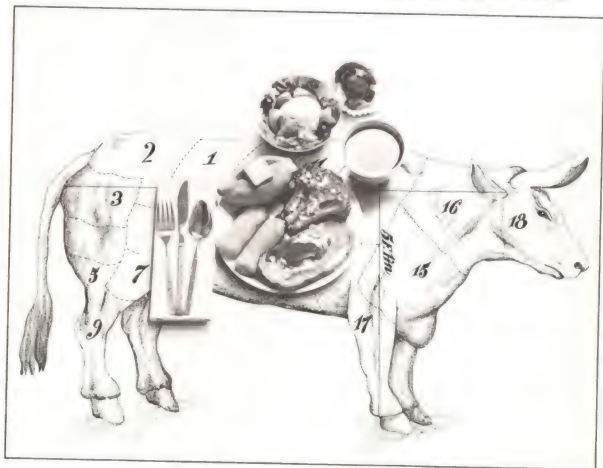
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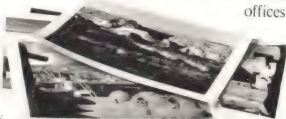
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October 20, 1971

ishment for San Basilio is not that its people are cut off from the rest of the world but that they are cut off from themselves. "Sympathy cannot penetrate real desperation." Moss Cornelsen writes. That can stand as her last word for San Basilio—and for the honorable failure of a first-rate artist.

■ Melvin Maddocks

Maximum Attorney General

KENNEDY JUSTICE by Victor S. Navasky. 482 pages. Atheneum: \$10

As Attorney General, he started with an abundance of will, energy, style, shrewdness and good intentions. He appointed brilliant, loyal subordinates. He had in reserve a big brother who happened to be President. Applying these strengths in the normally stagnant Justice Department, Robert Kennedy quickly made waves—and then declined to walk on them.

In *Kennedy Justice*, Victor Navasky both mourns and explains the absence of miracles. He also coolly outlines and assesses what he regards as Kennedy's limited achievements: the *clan* with which he infected all echelons, the crack-down on organized crime, his ever-expanding view of his department's mission. Obviously, Navasky is no blind Kennedy fan. His arguments are credible, his reportage exhaustive, his approach as dispassionate as writing about the Kennedys customarily allows. His book also considers the latter-day liberal's ambiguous feelings about the use of power. Once things seemed simple: you elected good guys like F.D.R. and H.S.T., shouted "All power to the President!" and depended on the Executive Branch to protect the public weal. But by the '60s, the illusion of simplicity was fading. Looking back on that period, sophisticated observers like Navasky realize how easy it is for even well-intentioned leaders to abuse executive power in some cases and abdicate it in others. Since all power is compromised, how to reduce the opportunity for abuse and still get things done?

Ivy League Code. The constitutional and personal dilemma is as ageless as politics. But it makes a compelling contemporary theme. Navasky wishes, for instance, that Kennedy had applied the same determination to getting J. Edgar Hoover into retirement that he spent getting James Hoffa into jail. He would like Kennedy to have been as consistently intransigent toward foes of integration as he was toward the Mafia. Ideally, the Attorney General should have been as sensitive to individual rights when considering wiretapping and bugging as Candidate Kennedy later became on many other issues.

In Navasky's analysis, Kennedy's power sources were also disguised traps. The brother in the White House had to be protected; that meant trying to salvage some support from white Southerners and avoiding a showdown with

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Hoover. The classy subordinates whom Kennedy recruited compensated for his own lack of legal expertise. But Navasky, himself a Yale Law School graduate who taught legal research before becoming a journalist, argues that they represented "the code of Ivy League gentlemen." They revered genteel negotiation and the separation of powers even when the situation—as in dealing with Mississippi Governor Ross Barnett—demanded blunter instruments. In the end, Kennedy's ranking aides were more hindrance than help in bringing innovation to the pursuit of justice.

Quiet Combat. Yet Kennedy had an insatiable appetite for action and a knack for getting his department to move. If politics prevented the application of total vigah to promoting the civil rights movement, there was no pro-gangster lobby to impede new methods of assault on big bad guys. His own experience as the investigator had given him a taste for gang-busting. To carry it out, Kennedy first had to persuade the FBI that organized crime existed (Hoover had been a doubter). The bureau, long a self-governed island within the department, reluctantly agreed to enlist—though on its own terms. The indictment rate soared, and Hoover was more firmly entrenched than ever.

The remarkable thing about Navasky's critical treatment is that Kennedy does not emerge as a shattered icon: the zest and the victories he brought to his department are not merely noted for the record but given equal time. The equation, then, is a sad one. If Kennedy, with all his personal and political assets, could be so entrapped, then pity the ordinary mortals who customarily wrestle with reform in high office.

• Laurence J. Barrett



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3. *Without Marx or Jesus*, Revel (3)
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CINEMA

Edwardian Elegy

Too often, children's movies are a chore for parents, a bore for kids. *The Railway Children* offers so many quiet pleasures, however, that not only will the kids be enchanted but their elders might even want to sneak off and see it on their own.

The family in which Bobbie (Jenny Agutter), Phyllis (Sally Thomsett) and Peter (Gary Warren) grow up is nearly perfect. Mother (Dinah Sheridan) is impish and radiant, Father (Iain Cuthbertson) steadfast and affectionate. They all share the joys of Edwardian London, generous Christmases and outings to the theater. But one evening two strange men appear and call Father away. "Some dire calamity is happen-

ing," says Bobbie. "I just know it." Indeed, Father does not return, and Mother tells the children that they will have to "play at being poor."

They move to a large, tumble-down cottage in Yorkshire, where the children encounter all manner of strange people and wonderful adventures. A stationmaster named Perks (Bernard Cribbins) answers their questions about trains. An elderly passenger (William Mervyn) waves at them from the dining-car window and eventually befriends them. A sickly man babbling Russian arrives one day, and the family takes him in. The movie does sometimes go sentimental, but mostly in a subdued, funny way, as when Peter's sisters catch him snitching coal for their cottage and he protests "It wasn't stealing. It was mining."

With all its closely observed details of Edwardian life, *The Railway Children* is an elegy for an era. Gas furnaces, bell boards in the kitchen, paper chases, old toys, carriages and capes, those beguiling trains—all conjure up a time of seeming innocence when unhappy endings were punishable by law. The matter of Father's mysterious disappearance is of course eventually cleared up.

The children, like so many young British performers, possess the happy talent of being engaging but never cloying, while the adult actors perform with the right kind of storybook flair.

The film was adapted by Actor Lionel Jeffries from E. Nesbit's 1906 children's book. It is Jeffries' first try at directing, and it has about it an entirely captivating air of elegance and restraint.

• Jay Cocks

Norman's Phantasmagoria

Bodguards plotting to assassinate the presidential candidate. Black revolutionaries seducing debutantes. Nubile whores lounging around a swimming pool. Moans of lovemaking. Grunts of violence. Novelist Norman Mailer's *Maidstone* is a bombardment of sense impressions and fragments of fantasy, a collage that its author has quite aptly subtitled "a mystery."

After more than a year of appearances at film festivals, museums and private screenings, the mystery is finally being made public. But it comes with no simple solution. *Maidstone* has no real narrative line. It is an ink-blot test of Mailer's own subconscious, which the director is using both to taunt his audience and to challenge it.

The focal point—one can hardly say hero—of this phantasmagoria is a movie director named Norman T. Kingsley (played by Mailer), who is also a candidate for the presidency of the U.S. While a shadow cabinet of kingmakers sits in his house discussing his future, Kingsley is out on the lawn auditioning young actresses for a new movie. Parts of that film—conceived of as a kind of satire on *Belle de Jour* in which men run a brothel catering to perverse women customers—becomes a movie within *Maidstone*. It is, indeed, often impossible to discern which of the two films we are watching.

To make his Pirandellian conceit even more elaborate, Mailer has *Maidstone* introduced by a saucy English television correspondent named Jeanne Cardigan (and played by Lady Jeanne Campbell, Mailer's third wife). Appearing from time to time to interview Norman Kingsley and his colleagues, she finally bares her breasts on a live telecast, smears her face with blood, licks the microphone, and moans: "I love Norman T. Kingsley." Such fantasies seem attributable both to Mailer and the character he is playing. They are inter-

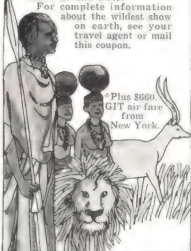
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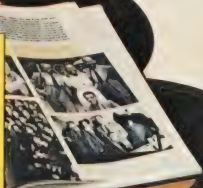
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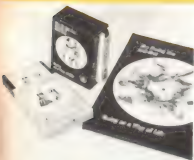
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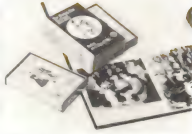
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mingled with scenes that Kingsley shot for his movie, that Mailer shot for his, and incidents that happened spontaneously during the filming of *Maidstone*.

Mailer has never been a man of small ambition, and the point of all this is nothing less than to present an alternate image of reality. "You can't say that this is real now, what we're doing," we watch Mailer explaining to his cast and crew after the film is supposedly completed. "You can't say what we were doing last night is real; the only thing you can say is that the reality exists somewhere in the extraordinary tension between the extremes."

Moments later, Actor Rip Torn, who has played a bodyguard called Raoul Rey O'Houlahan, goes after Mailer (or Kingsley) with a hammer. "You're supposed to die, Mr. Kingsley," Torn yells. "You must die, not Mailer." The director stares at him in frightened disbelief. At that moment, Mailer later said, it was impossible for him to tell whether Torn was serious or only acting. Torn claimed he was acting, but audiences still cannot tell as they watch the episode. In this scene Mailer achieves his objective: the melding of screen illusion and reality.

Public Ego. He is not always so successful. At another point in the film, Mailer announces to the cast that the "one single thing" he is attempting to show is "the incredible contradictory qualities" that a presidential candidate must have. Unfortunately they seem not so much contradictory as comic. Mailer's improvisational style of shooting also makes for some passages of irredeemable confusion. But the film is brilliantly edited (by Jan Pieter Welt, Lana Jokel and Mailer) in a relentlessly hypnotic rhythm that sustains interest even through the most opaque episodes.

Mailer, of course, has a prodigious public ego, and *Maidstone* is partly an exercise in self-glorification. Weirdly, this is also part of its attraction. Mailer

risks everything, frequently looking foolish in the process, and he fails more often than he succeeds. Yet it is his gleeful willingness to run risks, take absurd chances, that is appealing. *Maidstone* looks rough, sounds rough, and many people are likely to be put off (as perhaps the director intended) by Mailer's indulgence. But as another vision of *An American Dream* (his 1965 novel), as a feverish compendium of fantasies of power and paranoia, *Maidstone* is an astonishing adventure.

Movies, for Norman Mailer, are a risk. Not very different from boxing, or writing, for that matter, and it is the element of tangible risk that has always drawn him. "Writing is a very spooky activity," Mailer says, "and when you get to film making, you realize the spookiness is tripled." Typically it is the spookiest movie style of all—improvisation—in which Mailer chooses to work.

"*Maidstone* is structured, not scripted," he explains. He invited further chaos by enlisting a cast that consisted, apart from a few professional actors (Rip Torn, Harris Yulin), mostly of drinking buddies, hangers-on, three of his four ex-wives and some of his offspring. In a



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capar that has become legendary. Mailer called them all together in the early summer of 1968 at an opulent estate on eastern Long Island, originally called *Maidstone* by the early settlers. Spontaneity was crucial. Mailer even instructed some of his actors to go off on their own and surprise him—a technique that culminated in Torn's wrathful hammer. Mailer's five camera crews eventually shot some 45 hours of film. The director quickly discarded two-thirds of the footage, then settled down to pare the remaining 15 hours into something approaching manageable length.

"I loved editing *Maidstone*," Mailer commented. "At the cutting stage you are really writing, only with film instead of words. You put scenes next to each other, just as an author works to put one sentence next to another, but you are working with a language not learned in school." The result in the case of *Maidstone* is, for its author, "a revolutionary film." Mailer hopes grandiosely that its effects on film making will be roughly equivalent to the effect that Cubism had on post-Impressionism.

"Cubism cut away enough points of reference in painting so the viewer couldn't tell if he was looking at a concave or a convex object," Mailer elaborates. "In *Maidstone*, I was making an attack on reality. Fact and fantasy keep coexisting." Mailer admits that he is not the first to have made such an assault on tradition. Although the names of Buñuel, Dreyer and Antonioni are evoked in *Maidstone*, Mailer believes that his strongest single influence was the San Francisco film maker Bruce Conner, whose dazzling short works (*A Movie*, *Cosmic Ray* and *Report*) constantly explore and test the limits of illusion.

Dead Serious. Clearly Mailer has been screen-struck for years, and he maintains that "films speak to a deeper level of the unconscious than writing." But his immediate plans are to write a new novel—and high time too. Just possibly he is a little weary of moviemaking. His first picture effort, *Wild 90* (an hour and a half with three hoods on the lam), was hardly seen, while his second, *Beyond the Law*, received only limited distribution despite its director's claim that it is "one of the best pictures ever made about cops and crooks." Perhaps the most striking demonstration of Mailer's passion for film is that he financed *Maidstone* largely by himself, selling some of his shares in New York's successful ex-underground newspaper the *Village Voice* to raise the money. Before he embarks on another film, he would like *Maidstone* to achieve even a small measure of popular success and perhaps recoup some of that expense. He realizes that some people, at least, will take the film as a put-on. But he is dead serious about it and has seen it at least 150 times. "I love it," he says. "For me it ranks along with the best of my writing."

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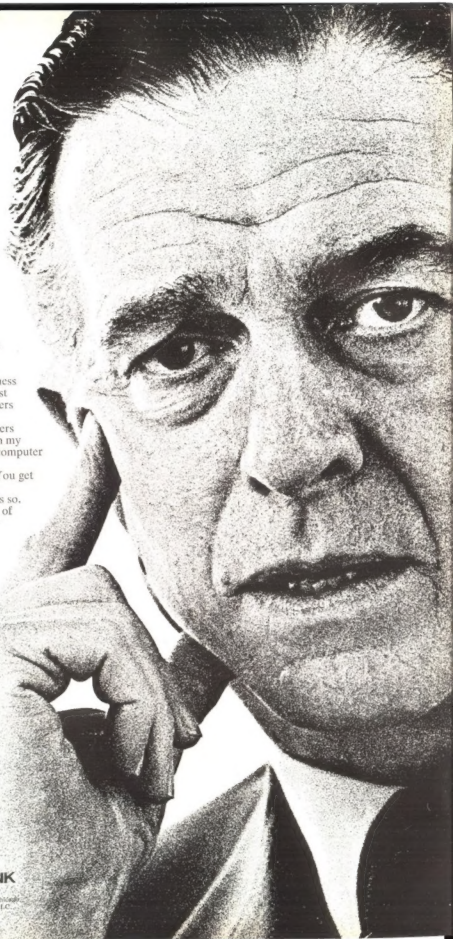
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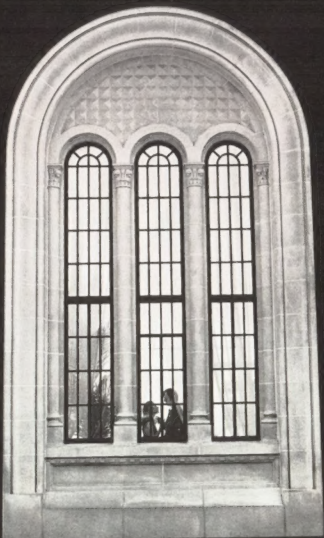


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